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Events of the Week.

THE "Westminster Gazette" of Wednesday last published an extremely important letter sent by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice to the Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George told the House of Commons on April 9th, 1918—after the destruction of the Fifth Army, when the Germans were marching to the Channel ports—that "the Army in France was considerably stronger on January 1st, 1918, than on January 1st, 1917." On May 9th, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George told the House that if there was anything wrong with his figures General Maurice was responsible. As readers of Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article "The Truth about the Fifth Army," published in THE NATION of March 25th, 1922, are aware, the fact is our combatant strength in France was holding an extended front with a relatively diminished force, of which Ministers had been warned; and that is why Gough's men filled cemeteries instead of holding the great German assault. General Maurice is now able to show that, when the War Office supplied figures to Mr. Macpherson on April 18th to justify Mr. Lloyd George's speech on April 9th, "the whole strength of our Army in Italy was included in an accidentally incorrect return"; and on May 9th "Mr. George repeated the original misstatement, though he had then the correct figures." General Maurice's successor, it should be observed, took over at the War Office on April 11th. The Prime Minister, through his private secretary, has replied to General Maurice in a letter dated July 21st, 1922, genially referring him to a short observation made in similar circumstances by the Duke of Wellington. Presumably, "Publish and be Damned."

THE end of the abortive Hague Conference was announced last week after we had gone to press. It is not an event which we are disposed to take tragically. The Prime Minister, in reviewing last Wednesday the work of the Conference to the House, spoke hopefully of a dozen more such conferences, and with "great eloquence" seemed to refuse either recognition or credits to Moscow. The chance of combining British and Italian with French and Belgian experts as a body capable of negotiating fruitfully with the Russians, was never bright, and it may be a positive gain that our hands are now free,

and that we may, without disloyalty to Allies, try our luck in separate negotiations. The report of the Sub-Commission on Private Property is, however, extremely pessimistic. It traces the breakdown entirely to the inability of the Russians to give any definite reasons for expecting, theory apart, that Russian properties will, in fact, be restored to foreign owners in large numbers, or failing restoration, that there will be compensation. Industry, it adds, is in ruins, and can be rehabilitated only by foreign capital and skill. It concludes that "no arrangement is possible at the present time." This conclusion surely omits the obvious fact that the Russians were not so much unable as unwilling to give definite assurances until they were promised credits. If industry were all that mattered, the case for credits would be weak. But the experts, we think, failed to consider the case, based on our own interests, for restoring agriculture. That can be done only if we are convinced that to invest money in providing agricultural machinery for Russia, in order to profit, two or three years hence, from the enhanced harvest, is a sound proposition. The danger of our exclusive dependence on American supplies is for us the decisive consideration.

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At the opening session of the Peace Congress on Tuesday, Mr. Fisher, who spoke officially for the Prime Minister, carried his invitation to Germany to enter the League of Nations a stage further. It was, he said, the desire of the British Government that Germany should apply for admission this year, so that the League might be finally relieved from the reproach that it is an engine of the policies of the victors. The difficulty is, of course, not that Germany is likely to be rejected by the Assembly, if she applies, for here a majority vote suffices. What is doubtful is whether the Council, which must be unanimous, is likely to nominate her as a permanent member of itself. France can say No to this, and recent indications in the shape of semi-official statements were that she would say No. But Germany may well be resolved that if she does enter, it must be on equal terms with other Great Powers. For ourselves, we believe that she has everything to gain by entering the League. The Assembly, moreover, might, and probably would, elect her as an annual member of the Council, even if France should dispute her right to sit on it permanently as a Great Power. Mr. Fisher spoiled a rather eloquent speech by an astonishing anti-climax, in which, after many wise sayings about war, he recommended disarmament—as to revolvers.

* * *

AN Italian Cabinet crisis delayed the Genoa Conference, and another has complicated the work of the League's Council, and may possibly delay the visit of M. Poincaré to London. This instability is as damaging to Italy's prestige abroad as it is to order at home. The cause of Signor Facta's fall is a phase of the perpetual class war. Some unusually outrageous military operations of the Fascisti led to a revolt of the Left in Parliament, and the Ministry fell because it did not and dare not cope with these revolutionaries of the Right. Yet to compose a Ministry which would take up this task in earnest is at present apparently impossible, since the Liberals of the Right (Salandra's

following) and the Nationalists are more or less with the Fascisti. This abnormal situation is due to the fact that the two largest parties in the Chamber, the Social Democrats and the Catholic Populists, are, in the former case, unwilling on principle to join a combination, and, in the latter case, temperamentally unable to work in harness. Signors Orlando and Bonomi have both tried this week to form a Ministry, and have failed. Meanwhile, the excesses of the "black-shirts" (Fascisti) continue—expeditions against towns in which a Labor Municipality is in power, the burning of workers' clubs and co-operative buildings, and sporadic slaughter. Any strong attempt to repress them might mean the mobilization of 700,000 armed men and civil war. The Communists, whose original violence provoked this terrific reply, are cowed.

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THE pacification of Ireland continues to make progress. Waterford and Limerick have been wrested from the rebel terrorists, and it is believed that the final struggle, which will determine the fate of Cork, is imminent. The most striking facts about the conflict are, first of all, the comparatively small number of casualties; secondly, the relief with which the towns that have been in the rebels' possession welcome the National troops; and thirdly, the pains that the rebels are taking to make the name of rebel, which has hitherto been held in reverence, an object of hatred to the Irish people. The first fact is to the credit of the Government, which is evidently determined to put down disorder with the minimum of bloodshed. The second fact is significant, for it means that the events of the last few years have made it very difficult for people of a district to hold their own against a small number of fully armed and reckless men. The third fact is of good omen for the future.

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MR. DE VALERA's part in these proceedings is obscure and contemptible. It would have been simple for him to have said after the elections that he must keep the Republican flag flying, but that he would not countenance violence and disorder. If he had said this he would have retained his self-respect and some character for responsible leadership. The Republican cause would not have been by any means desperate. The course he has followed shows him wanting, not merely in any sense for statesmanship, but in the elements of rational patriotism. The Republicans will not be remembered as heroic figures, making a leader seem honorable by their bearing. They will be remembered as looters who set to work to bring as much loss and shame as they could on Ireland. All who care about the spectacular qualities of history will deplore this, but it will certainly make the business of Irish government easier by destroying a powerful sentiment.

* * *

WHEN the parties to the wages dispute in the printing trade agreed to submit the matter to the Industrial Court it seemed to be generally understood that everyone concerned was willing to accept the award of the Court, and that a conflict in the industry was therefore ruled out. The executive of the Typographical Association did not repudiate statements given on official authority to the effect that the award would be accepted by them, and that in return for this undertaking the employers agreed to withdraw altogether the lock-out notices that had been posted, instead of suspending them as they had proposed at first. Naturally,

in these circumstances the employers expressed surprise when the executive of the Association decided to submit to a ballot of their members the Court's award of a reduction of 12s. 6d. a week in instalments. Surprise turned to indignation when the award was rejected by the ballot vote, despite the fact that it had been accepted without question by other unions in the industry. The executive then suggested that the employers were aware that the rules of the Association required that a ballot vote should be taken before any settlement could be accepted, but it is clearly on record that the undertaking to accept the award was not qualified in any way. A strike of compositors, fairly general in many country printing offices and partial in provincial newspaper offices, has followed, but the other workers in the industry are remaining in employment as far as possible. London is not included in the present dispute, and the officials of the federation of the printing trade unions are trying to straighten out the tangle.

* * *

BEATEN and broken as were the engineering workers in the "managerial rights" conflict, their spirits have revived sufficiently to prompt them to make some show of resistance to the determined demand of the employers for a wage reduction of 16s. 6d. a week. In a ballot vote the members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, the Federation of General Workers, the foundrymen, and one or two small unions of specialized workers, have rejected the proposal by 70,900 to 43,937 votes. The men in the Engineering and the Shipbuilding Trades Federation have voted separately, and their decision is not known at the time of writing. The employers having taken the expected action of posting notices, it is difficult to see how the workers can face another stoppage, which could only accentuate the distress caused by the recent struggle. The officials of the dock workers have spent a strenuous week in the effort to gain an acceptable compromise on the demand of the employers for a cut of 2s. a day, and negotiations are continuing as we write. Meanwhile, evidence accumulates that various classes of middlemen and retailers are not passing on to the consumers the benefits of the lower production costs due to the wage reductions. This has the double effect of restricting consumption and perpetuating unemployment.

* * *

THE Labor war in America has reached a stage that is almost unexampled. Following upon President Harding's instructions, some of the mining companies in Pennsylvania and other States have reopened their mines, under the protection of their own armed guards and of the troops provided by the State authorities. A state of national emergency has been proclaimed, and the Federal Government has taken over control of railway transport east of the Mississippi, and of the available coal supplies. There is, so far, no indication of the President's efforts at conciliation being rewarded, for even the mayors of the coal region have objected to the proposed commission of inquiry as being unduly weighted against the miners. The railway men and the United Mine Workers are alike interested in keeping the struggle free from violence, since the recent ruling of the Supreme Court makes the unions liable for every kind of injury suffered through the strikes. But armed force does not produce coal, while the presence of troops standing over strike-breakers is likely to provoke grave disorder. Meanwhile, American orders for coal are pouring into England; South Wales and the Tyne are becoming busy again, and the revived export trade is for the moment restricted only by the shortage of collier steamers.

THE passage by the Reichstag of the Emergency Law for the defence of the Republic has led to one of the recurrent conflicts with Bavaria. She asserts her sovereignty, and declines to apply the Act, although the provisions of the Constitution of the Reich make it perfectly clear that the law of the Federated Republic overrides that of the constituent States. The practical point is of course that, apart from the industrial North and the workmen of Munich and other large towns, Bavaria is Monarchist, and has hitherto given harbor and sanctuary to all the plotters against the Republic. The new Act, which sets up a special tribunal and federal police to deal with political crimes, would soon end this plotting, if it were applied in Bavaria. How the conflict will develop we cannot guess. It is an ominous sign that the Bavarian troops were recalled from manœuvres in Württemberg, and there is the usual gossip about French support for Bavarian separation. Berlin has published a note in which it declares invalid the Bavarian decrees.

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NEARLY four years after the Armistice the Allies have at length made it possible for Austria to borrow money, by releasing their liens on her assets. It seems a ghastly and incredible joke that anyone, even a victorious expert, should ever have believed that Austria could pay an indemnity. But for four years this joke has prevented Austria from using her Customs receipts, her monopolies, and other sound assets as securities for a loan. Even now they are released only for twenty years. Probably it is too late. The krone, which as recently as May stood at 40,000 to the pound, has now fallen to 140,000. A small loan might have set this unhappy country on its feet two or three years—even one year—ago, but the deficit to be covered is now very large, and confidence will be difficult to restore. A lender has yet to be found. The misery of the workers and the intellectuals alike has become unbearable since the last catastrophic fall of the currency, and the drastic remedies of Dr. Seipel's Government, including a forced loan and an absolute prohibition of exchange transactions, look like forlorn hopes.

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THE Pontypridd election came as no surprise to intelligent electioneers. But, following, as it did, the return of Mr. Grenfell last week as Labor member for the neighboring Gower division, it is indicative of a real weakening of the Premier's hold in his own country. The size of the turnover of votes is significant. The conversion of a Coalition Liberal majority of nearly 3,000, over two opponents, into a Labor majority for Mr. Mardy Jones of 4,080, is evidently something more than the ordinary turn against a Government. If Mr. George cannot keep seats in Wales, where can he keep them?

* * *

THE removal of the embargo on the import of Canadian cattle must shortly follow the discussions in the Commons on Monday and the Lords on Wednesday. In the Commons the demand for its abolition was carried by 247 votes to 171, while the Lords agreed without a division to Lord Long's proposal that steers from the Dominions might be admitted "subject to precautions being taken by means of quarantine." As many as fifty-three peers voted for Lord Lincolnshire's more radical demand for the complete abolition of the embargo. Lord Ancaster, indeed, admitted that the tide was going against him and that, later on, "we may

have to accept legislation." This is, we may hope, the beginning of the end, but the long contest illustrates with peculiar force the dangers inherent in any measure even incidentally Protective. This country has a creditable record in the efforts it has made to stamp out cattle disease, and the laws now in force, which are applied to English, Scottish, and Irish cattle alike for the destruction of suspected animals, have been effective in securing for British breeding stock a very high position in the market. Canadian cattle seem to be equally healthy, and the effective forces supporting the continuance of the embargo were, there is little doubt, purely Protectionist. An analysis of the division list of Monday illustrates this. The majority was composed chiefly of avowed Free Traders or of those whose consciences must sometimes be troubled by the recollection of pre-war speeches. In fact, a sanitary measure, incidentally Protective, had become in course of time a piece of pure Protection, with no sanitary significance whatever.

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THE controversy that has arisen over the inclusion of fabric gloves in the Second Part of the Safeguarding of Industries Act may be looked at from two points of view: that of principle and that of electioneering. From the former, fabric gloves stand on exactly the same footing as glass, aluminium, and hollow ware generally. The imposition of import duties on these others, however, merely adds a trifle to the general irritation aroused by the working of the Act; the proposed import on gloves threatens the existence of the Coalition itself. This, apparently, has alarmed even Lord Derby, who, in his speech to the Lancashire Unionist Association on July 15th, repudiated the principle of Free Trade for all industries, while defending his county's established interest in yarn for gloves. The Safeguarding of Industries Committee, charged with the reconsideration of their own decision, after hearing the Lancashire case, have declined to alter it, and the avowed Free Traders in the Coalition are placed in an awkward position. They will, we presume, either abstain from the division or support, with the best grace they can, the taxation of thread gloves. Fortunately, matters will not end there. A meeting of the cotton trade in Manchester on Wednesday decided to prepare a statement of Lancashire's case, and to send copies to all Members of Parliament, while the vote, or the absence from the division of every Lancashire member on Monday, we hope, will be carefully noted. For the time being, Lancashire, we suppose, has been defeated, though Monday's division should be most entertaining and informative.

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It is not often that the spirit and meaning of the Government's policy can be thrown into a single question and answer. This was done on Monday. Mr. Myers: "What justification is there for appointing a hundred untrained teachers when there is a large number who have been trained and cannot find situations?" Mr. Fisher: "The justification is the justification of economy." Children are to be taught by untrained rather than by trained teachers; trained teachers are to do something for which they have not been trained; untrained people are to be employed to do the work for which other people have been trained. That is "economy" as understood by the Government and its Minister for Education. Could even lunacy do more harm?

Politics and Affairs.

FAIRWEATHER PACIFISM.

THE handsome dignity of the reception given to the delegates of the International Peace Conference at the Mansion House last Tuesday, was an interesting commentary upon human nature in politics. The Lord Mayor, the Minister of Education, the Bishop of the Diocese, the presidents of the chief Nonconformist bodies, all met to pay respect to the principle of universal peace, and to reprobate the barbarity of war. They agreed that Christianity forbade nations to set out with guns, bombs, and poisoned gas to destroy one another; they desired to foster the sense of brotherhood in all mankind, and to submit disputes to equitable modes of settlement. They averred that if these principles could find general acceptance among those statesmen and leaders of public opinion in whose mouths and hands, heads and hearts, lay the determination of the vital issues, peace would be assured. Would it? The confidence of some members of the audience was doubtless shaken by the effort of imagination needed to picture on August 4th, 1914, or on any other similarly critical moment, a gathering at the Mansion House of our spiritual and secular leaders to demand that their lofty principles shall operate in practice.

Such a reflection involves consideration of the whole psychology of principles. There can be no reason for doubting the sincerity of the professions of these influential personages. They meant well. They would rather have a peaceful world than a warlike one, men employed in industry than men at arms, friendship between nations than hostility, low taxation than high. They would like to see the restoration of Europe and a secure future. But the trouble is that the substance of these goods is not attained by professing principles, brandishing ideals, and pursuing ultimate aims. These amiable gestures and attitudes do not carry the requisite elements of faith. Nor do they commit those who utter them to any concrete conduct. It is not too much to say that this non-committal is inherent in this laudation of principles. Between such principles and practice there is a great gulf fixed. Indeed, the very act of expressing these lofty aspirations evokes among the more scrupulous men a tendency to hedge and qualify. So our Lord Mayor found it necessary to add to his general profession of pacifism the caution that "it may not be possible in our time to achieve universal peace," while Mr. Fisher informed his hearers that universal peace would be "the hope for many centuries to come," and that "a war on a large scale, at least for a generation, may become a practical impossibility." Universal peace? Yes, but not in our time! The cause of peace must not be pressed too far or too fast! After all, we have to remember there is such a thing as Human Nature, and in asking for a real, a general, and a lasting peace "perhaps we have asked from Human Nature more than Human Nature can attain."

But it is to the spiritual leaders of our nation that we look for the clearest light on the peace principle. Our Bishop's statement that "War is against the will of God," and that "Peace on earth has been the message of the Christian Church from the beginning," is not likely to be challenged. But then the reason why these principles are so innocuous and unhelpful is that there is, properly speaking, no such thing as war, but only this war and that war. In other words, when we descend from hollow abstractions to the realities of life, amiable principles do not count. What is wanted is a Christian statesman or a Christian Bishop for whom "this war is against the will of God" at the moment when *this* war

is in preparation or in action. What is the use of a "message" which is always delivered when it is not immediately relevant? The time for our Bishops and our Free Church leaders to declare for peace is when a war is on. It is then, and then only, that it is possible to test the efficacy of their attachment to principles. For ourselves, we confess that the effrontery of spiritual leaders who preached a Holy War in 1914 and now stand forth in any other array than sackcloth and ashes is a staggering experience. Do these Bishops and Free Church ministers hold that the war they blessed has been justified by the peace it won, and that their incitements to young men to kill their brothers have borne sound spiritual fruits? Here and there an eccentric like Dean Inge will confess spiritual failure. But for the Churches as a whole the fact that they have had two thousand years to do their job and have made as yet no serious beginning seems to slide away quite smoothly from the "principles" in which they clothe their spiritual nakedness. Why, the Bishop of London was naive enough to allude to the operative force of "the truce of God" wielded by the Church in the Middle Ages, failing to realize his admission that upon this very evidence Christianity, instead of gaining, was losing ground.

No. In the hour of man's greatest agony the Christian Churches in every land brought no gift of healing, but held the clothes of those who stoned Humanity. Until they have openly repented this treason, it were surely better to keep silence and leave the practical task of spiritual progress to ordinary sinful men and women, some of whom have always shown themselves ready to expose themselves to obloquy and violence by opposing, not war, not even the last war, but *this* war. It may not, indeed, be an easy matter for the spiritual patrons of organized violence and State-directed slaughter to abandon the miserable sophistry by which they have hitherto evaded putting into practice the plain dictates of their Master. But until they do, they must bear a major share of the guilt of poisoning the spiritual life of the people. How difficult it is for the ordinary sensual man to distinguish between the collective, authorized killing of his enemy and the individual, unauthorized killing appears from the spread of political assassinations in every part of Christendom. Mr. Justice Shearman the other day uttered a stern stricture upon "the crimes which have emanated from people who glorify murder and incendiarism," and hinted that certain Churches were not immune from responsibility. How should it be otherwise? When successful murder and incendiarism, conducted under the joint encouragement of Church and State for several years, are glorified as proper methods of enforcing justice among nations, is it strange that the same standards of conduct should force their way into the settlement of class, group, trade, or even personal disputes?

By common admission civilization stands in graver peril than ever before. Everywhere the peoples have lost confidence in rulers and political arrangements. The problem of European restoration is more and more recognized to be fundamentally a moral problem, though the instruments through which it may be brought about are political and economic. The enthusiasm roused by this Peace Conference testifies, we believe, to a searching of the heart which is going on among the decent men and women of every community. "A peace of lassitude," as Mr. Fisher rightly recognized, "is no substitute for a peace of conviction." How can the necessary conviction, moral and intellectual, be won? We are driven, perforce, upon the instrument of education. How shall the young

be led to think and feel that a peaceful world is possible, and that war is an obsolete barbarity? Here is surely the supreme practical test for our champions of pacific principles, not only or chiefly those who consciously announce themselves as pacifists, but for those statesmen, churchmen, publicists, and teachers who have hitherto shunned association with pacifism as a leprous disease in the body politic. The battle is already joined, if we may judge by the propagandism of imperialism and militarism carried on in many of our public schools. While champions of the League of Nations are sometimes admitted to preach constructive internationalism to the young, a vigorous counter-propaganda of a highly practical kind is carried on by military and lay preachers of patriotic discipline. Military festivals, Empire days, flag worship, and a practically compulsory O.T.C. in many schools, serve to foster in the minds of young lads the conviction, not that the war to end war has been won, but that it has been lost, that their brothers and fathers have died in vain, and that they must keep their eyes and hands ready for the next war. Here, for instance, is General Sir Ivor Maxse, at the speech-day celebration at St. Peter's School, York, dealing with the suggestion that "the League of Nations shall take the place of armed force and that there shall be no more war"—"Don't believe it, boys! It's all tosh—absolute tosh." Pointing to members of the School O.T.C., the General added: "It does me good to see that block of khaki. These fellows are going to pull us through, whether they win prizes at school or not."

We cannot view without deep concern the machinations of these enemies of peace and the people. For they are advocates not of principle, but of practice—believers not in an abstract war, but in a next war, which by their evil faith they help to make possible. Unless our pacifists and their fairweather patrons in Church and State can descend from the clouds of virtuous principle to political practice, the military realists in every country can afford to smile at their futile demonstrations, fully assured that when they have joined their fellow-conspirators in other countries in bringing about the next war, our political and spiritual pastors and masters will discover that their peace principles, admirable in themselves, do not fit *that* case.

THE DEBTS AND THE RHINELAND.

M. POINCARÉ is coming to London. It is an announcement which always produces a certain chill in the political atmosphere. Most of us have recognized in him the spirit that invariably denies. From the clash of his temperament with the wholly positive mind of Mr. Lloyd George, it is hard to hope for any good thing. The one is congenially engaged only in saying No with all the prescribed delays, protocols, and forms—but preferably in writing No. The other is for ever devising, arranging, compromising, inventing. Hitherto what has happened has always been that M. Poincaré has contrived to negate so much of Mr. George's creations that nothing worthy of life has remained. On this occasion, however, the parts appear to be somewhat mixed. M. Poincaré is not coming to say No. If he were anyone else one would say that he was coming to present a request. By all accounts he is going to ask us to cancel the debt which his country owes to us. By no stretch of imagination, however, can we conceive M. Poincaré asking for anything. The suggestion, indeed, is almost libellous. He is coming, if his Press correctly represents him, in the usual posture and with

the familiar gesture. In plain words, he is coming to threaten. As the article from the "Temps" which we analyzed last week made clear, he will present with Latin logic and lucidity two alternative courses to us. One of them is that we cancel his debts. The other is that he "upsets the apple-cart." If we do not choose to write off our claims, he proposes, as one of his henchmen put it, to avoid all misunderstanding, to make "with cannons and bayonets" a state of confusion in Europe which will be disastrous for our trade.

The English mind does not readily adjust itself to this particular habit of thought. Mr. George is not made to cope with it. His task is rendered difficult by the pro-French leanings of the "Times" and the "Morning Post." Mr. George, we presume, will bargain, but unless he realizes that he has a decidedly critical country behind him, we fear he will not bargain hard enough. For our part we do not care how many paper claims he gives away. Indeed, we shall rejoice to see them torn up once and for all in public. The French debt to us is such a claim, and so also is our share of the German indemnity. We think the country at large is prepared by now for the total sacrifice of this electioneering rubbish. But there is one very important condition. The £584,000,000 due from France is a large sum. The 22 per cent. which falls to us of the £6,600,000,000 due from Germany is a still larger sum. The one consideration which would be worth securing for this surrender is lasting peace upon the Continent. Now, from what the "Temps" divulges this week of M. Poincaré's plan, he has no offer to make which would amount to this. He will accord a moratorium to Germany for her monthly payments, but only for a few weeks. She is, in those weeks, to carry out at breakneck speed all the difficult and questionable fiscal "reforms" which he demands, and to accept (as she has already done in principle) a painful measure of foreign control over her finances. She is next to raise in the international money market a big loan, of which she must pay over most of the proceeds immediately to France. The ostensible object may be a good one—the urgent restoration of the devastated regions. But it is urgent only because, for three years, the interested opposition of French contractors and industrialists has vetoed the repeated offers of the Germans to carry out this restoration with their own materials and labor. The alternative method, through a big foreign loan, will be wasteful and expensive. The money will pass through many hands, not without loss in the process, and the materials purchased with it in France will cost vastly more than German materials would do. But no foreign loan can be raised for this purpose unless the total indemnity fixed in London—the French share in it as well as the British share—is drastically reduced. So much the report of the Bankers put beyond all doubt. As to this the "Temps" is silent.

Our main concern is not, however, to stress these financial arguments. They are understood by everyone, even by French writers who ignore them. What we would rather urge is that even a satisfactory handling of the debts and the indemnity would fail to bring appeasement to Europe unless, at the same time, the occupation of the Rhineland is definitely ended. On financial grounds alone the case is clear enough. For the great armies which the Allies maintain in the occupied territory eat up, in fact, about as much as their joint coercion has yet managed to extract from Germany. The French must choose. German resources are equal to one of two demands, but not to both. They can restore the devastated departments. They can provide for the quartering of the French army on German soil. But they

cannot do both. At present they are used up for the latter purpose. They are used to build great new barracks and aviation camps on the Rhine, instead of rebuilding the workers' homes in the war zone. They are used to entertain the officers of an immense garrison in excessive luxury, and to foot the invader's pay-roll on a scale which makes the junior officer of the Army of Occupation richer than a German Minister. This is not merely unproductive expenditure. It serves a purpose. It is steadily ripening a harvest of revenge. The mingled humiliation and inconvenience of the occupation are fostering a hatred of France which alarms all but the French themselves. The mere discomfort which it causes is appalling. It has pushed overcrowding in the Rhineland towns to insufferable lengths. It is not merely for a passing emergency that families are evicted from their homes, and others required to give up some of their rooms for the officers and non-commissioned officers. It is not for a few months that schools are taken over and classes driven into basements and cellars. This is to continue for fifteen years. Discomfort alone might not make hate, but a daily life of discomfort aggravated by perpetual humiliation is stirring a passion which one day will explode. Some may argue that if the French choose to play with gunpowder in this way, the consequences concern them alone. That is a short view. If they are burned we shall be scorched, and all Europe may be reduced to ashes when at length the explosion comes. The masses this week will demonstrate their resolve that there shall be No More War. It is an idle aspiration if this Occupation continues much longer. The temperature of the blood in Central Europe is rising fast. The civil tension in Germany, and even the Monarchist movement itself, are directly traceable to this cause. For most of the very real attraction which this movement exerts on the upper and middle class is due to the humiliation which the Allies have imposed. The Republic means peace, and it means passive acquiescence in defeat. The way to *revanche* and to the restoration of the vanished glory of Germany is over the body of the Republic. Sooner or later, if the provocation of the Occupation continues, the Republic will succumb.

British opinion in this matter is, needless to say, not the only factor to be considered. The central purpose of the French is to obtain an international loan based on German assets. That loan, if it can be successfully floated, will have to be subscribed chiefly in America. But the one thing which Americans see clearly is that militarism is ruining Europe. Until this sound instinctive diagnosis is satisfied, America will not lend to Europe. Now nothing would more certainly compel a reduction of the French Army than the abolition of the system by which a large part of it is quartered on the German people and the German taxpayer. If we forget to insist on this point, the only result will be that the half-measures arrived at in London will fail to pave the way for a loan. Mr. Fisher's public invitation to Germany to join the League of Nations is a good step in the right direction, but it is not yet the chief thing needed. The real appeasement will not begin till the Occupation is ended.

The question remains whether we can afford to abandon our claims on France and Germany while our debt to America stands. Our own answer to that question is that these claims are worthless assets. They never could be enforced. There is a bare chance that large-minded action towards our debtors may stimulate American thinking, and induce the United States in its turn to remit our debt. We are not sanguine, however, and we are clear that the debt must in any event be promptly and punctually met, and that any initiative to

cancel or reduce it must come from America and not from us. None the less, with the trade balance already heavily against us, the prospect of finding an additional annual sum of £50,000,000 for America is alarming. The tariff is in process of being raised, and it is hard to see how we can ever hope to pay in goods. The effort to do so might involve us in some degree in desperate measures that would faintly recall Germany's struggles to pay the indemnity. Wages would be lowered still further in a frenzied attempt to achieve the necessary surplus of exports. We can see just one possible way of escape. It is to substitute Russian grain for the food which at present we buy from America. Russia is easily paid. She is only too anxious to receive our manufactured goods. But her wheat will become available only two or three years after we have begun to send her tractors and ploughs on credit. Our economic problem is not single or simple. Allied debts, the German indemnity, our financial relation to America, and the restoration of Russia are in reality one complex problem. If we concentrate on part of it to-day, we may live to regret bitterly and vainly, a year or two hence, as the Anglo-American complication develops, our delays in restoring Russian agriculture. For the moment, however, the urgent issue is to concert our answer to M. Poincaré. Let us cancel his debt on one broad condition—the restoration of European peace.

THE TRADE UNION BILL.

COLONEL MEYSEY THOMPSON'S Bill for amending the Trade Union Act of 1913 has now passed through the Grand Committee, and its friends are urging the Government to provide the facilities that are necessary if the Bill is to go further. This is one of those measures that have a specious look at first sight, and as a great many people content themselves with their first impressions, the Bill has probably, as its friends urge, a good deal of ardent support. The Bill when inspected more closely looks very much less reasonable, and those who go on to reflect on its consequences will find good ground for expecting them to be mischievous.

The Act of 1913, which is now attacked, was passed in order to restore to trade unions powers that had been taken from them by the Osborne judgment, just as the Trade Disputes Act was passed in order to redress the results of the Taff Vale judgment. In both cases judges had decided that trade unions could not exercise certain powers which they had been generally believed to possess. In the case of the Osborne judgment it was held that trade unions could not lawfully make contributions for political purposes, although, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb point out in their History, at the very time that the trade union legislation which these judges were interpreting was passed, Mr. Burt was sitting in the House of Commons as the salaried representative of his union. The Act of 1913 gave power to any trade union to spend money on any purpose included in its constitution, so long as its principal objects were those of a trade union as defined in the 1876 Act. But it attached certain conditions to political expenditure. A trade union takes a ballot before deciding on such expenditure; that expenditure comes out of a special fund, and any member may claim exemption from special subscription to that fund. The Bill which has just passed through Grand Committee seeks to make these conditions much more onerous. If it is passed, no decision to take political action will be valid unless half the members entitled to vote actually vote, and unless the majority exceed the minority by 20 per cent. In the second place, whereas under the Act it is

the member who wants exemption, under this Bill it is the member who wants to contribute, who has to declare his wishes. In other words, the lax or indifferent trade unionist will be treated as if he was hostile, whereas he is treated at present as if he is favorable, to the political representation of Labor.

At first sight this looks an innocent proposal: on second thoughts it is seen to be an inversion of the natural and proper arrangement. Trade union representation is now part of the declared policy of the trade unions. There is nothing new in the plan of using trade union organization to promote legislation; it was done a century ago, and it has been done ever since with great effect. Under the Act of 1913 a trade union ballots before it takes political action. If, therefore, a trade union decides to raise a political fund, that decision represents the will of the trade union. Obviously, then, the conscientious objector is not the man who agrees with the decision of his trade union, but the man who disagrees. All democratic practice involves the acquiescence of a great many people who are not energetic enough to have a strong view one way or the other; individual liberty is secured by making special arrangements for exemption. Take the case of vaccination. Society decides that vaccination is desirable in the interests of public health: arrangements are made for those persons who object to vaccination to secure exemption. If we followed the course recommended by Colonel Meysey Thompson and his friends, we should make those persons who want their children vaccinated, and not those who want them exempted, go to the magistrate and make application for that purpose. If you treat trade unions as responsible bodies of men who take decisions for collective action, you must go on to treat those decisions as if they represent the normal will, and you cannot then call upon those who agree with those decisions to notify their concurrence. Of course, it is the view of the promoters of the Bill that trade union representation is a bad thing. That this method of political representation has its abuses and faults almost everybody would agree: all our arrangements for political representation are second bests. But nobody has found a plan other than this by which in a modern democracy the workman can get his view put in Parliament, and if the trade unions decide on this method, the fact that Colonel Meysey Thompson and his friends think it a bad method is no reason for putting trade unions under a special disability. This is class legislation of a crude kind.

The consequences of such a law would be wholly mischievous. At present, the workman in almost every industry is facing great and unexpected misfortune. If anybody had told the miners, at the time that the Prime Minister was making the new world and its dazzling prospects the subject of his glowing perorations, that in the year 1922 their industry would have become a fit subject for a Trade Board, they would have laughed at him. The catastrophic fall in the wages and earnings of the miners

recalls the old world at its worst. In other industries the workman has had a similar, if a less sensational, experience. Low wages, unemployment, and, we have to add, a good deal of arbitrary and ill-considered behavior on the part of employers who were only concerned to use all the advantages of the moment for their immediate interests: these are the most striking facts about the economic situation as it presents itself to the workman's memory and the workman's imagination. To pass a Bill like Colonel Meysey Thompson's would remove one important restraint on wild and impatient industrial action. The workman has seen the employers in too many cases using his misfortunes to strike at the strength of his trade union. Colonel Meysey Thompson invites him to watch Parliament proceeding in the same spirit.

The workman knows that all the great interests are strongly represented in both Houses; that they contain any number of salaried directors of industrial and financial joint-stock companies; that railway directors and shipping directors and bank directors speak there with all the authority and experience of the great organizations with which they are connected. He is told now that every difficulty is to be put in the way of the trade union which seeks to send Labor representatives to Parliament, and that whereas shareholders can be found by the hundred thousand whose directors and officials sit in Parliament without the shareholders being asked whether they approve or not, the trade union that decides to send a representative to Parliament must submit to a special procedure of which the object is to make such action as difficult and troublesome as it can be made. This course is suggested at the very moment when the chief fear in the middle classes is the fear that workmen will choose the methods of direct action rather than those of constitutional action, when their nightmare is a perpetual series of strikes which will destroy all chance of recovery from the consequences of the war. We cannot imagine a more extraordinary example of recommending the methods of reason and discussion. There are active spirits in the trade union world teaching despair or contempt of Parliament as the necessary condition of stimulating sympathy with violent plans. We recollect a famous speech by M. Viviani in the French Chamber, in which, speaking as an ardent Socialist, he said that mankind could not progress until the false lights had been torn from the skies. The Communists think of Parliament as this Socialist thought of religion. They want the workman to put Parliament on one side and to try revolutionary schemes. It says a great deal for the essential conservatism and sobriety of the English workman that their appeals have met with so poor a response in a time of great want and miserable expectations. But there is no better way of recommending these desperate remedies than this proposal to half-close the workman's door into the House of Commons, and to stamp on Parliament the character that Lenin and his disciples ascribe to it.

THE WATERS OF JORDAN.

By HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Now that the Council of the League of Nations has definitely agreed upon the British mandate for Palestine, the vexed question of the large scheme known as the "Rutenberg Concession" may be again considered. To a great many people even the smallest change in the condition of the Holy Land must be repugnant. They regard it as actually profane, or as breaking up vital associations of historic interest. So long as Jewish history was far more closely studied than the history of our own country,

as it certainly was till quite recently, the geography of Palestine was more familiar than our own, and such phrases as "from Dan to Beersheba" were understood as parts of our language. The Jordan is still spoken of as a peculiarly sacred river, not only in its reality, but as a symbol of the passage from this world to a better. Water is brought from the river for the christening of royal, aristocratic, and other babies whose parents can afford the sanctified luxury. The "Promised Land"

has a similar value in common speech as symbolic of Heaven, and there are many of us who would like to see the whole of Palestine left to itself for ever as a kind of religious and historic reserve, much as the Americans have left the Yellowstone Park as a reserve for primitive Nature and her interesting relics.

But, unfortunately, that fond idea is past hoping for now. For one thing, the Promised Land is no longer a celestial or enviable locality. The Jordan is not merely symbolic of death; its valley is one of the most deadly regions of the malarial world, as our men discovered in the war. Nor was it in joyful expectation, but rather with characteristic British irony, that, when the train started from Egypt for Beersheba, they used to cry: "Who's for the Milk-and-Honey Express?" Turkish rule and Arab indifference have reduced the country mainly to a barren, treeless, and waterless region, from which a scanty population scrapes a squalid livelihood by picturesque and unfertile contrivances. One regrets the disappearance of the picturesque, as one regrets the disappearance of the Red Indian. But the destruction had already begun. Railways consort ill with Mount Carmel and Hebron; there has long been a station at Jerusalem, and where railways go there can be no reserve for sacred solitude.

Mr. Rutenberg, by profession a civil engineer, aims at benefiting the country as a whole by means of cheap irrigation and cheap electric power. From various conversations with him in the last fortnight, I have formed the following idea of the means he intends to employ. The Jordan is mainly supplied by water from the ranges of Lebanon and Hermon, which rise to about 7,000 feet above sea-level. The water drains into Lake Merom through pestilent marshes, and thence, again through pestilent marshes, into Lake Tiberias, which is 600 feet below sea-level. Thence the Jordan flows down into the Dead Sea, which is 600 feet lower still. Mr. Rutenberg proposes to build a dam across the exit from Lake Tiberias, so as to keep the level of the lake at about the winter level, but not higher, and eight miles lower down the river he will erect a power-station, throwing out high-tension transmission lines to the cities of Haifa, Jaffa, and Jerusalem, and medium or low-power lines for surrounding districts. A canal from the lake will conduct the water to the fall at the power-station. The electricity may be used for railways, lighting, mills, and other purposes. That may be called the first part of his scheme; but ultimately he hopes to extend this by further power-stations and distribution of electricity. Until the water-power is available, he intends to run electric works at Haifa, Jaffa, and Jerusalem with Diesel engines, using oil fuel, and thus to supply those cities with energy almost at once. In time he also expects to use part of the water from Lake Tiberias and the Jordan for irrigation.

But for irrigation he depends chiefly upon the river Jarmuk, which runs into the Jordan just below Lake Tiberias. Part of this river's water will be carried over the bed of the Jordan by syphons. One main canal will run southward parallel to the course of the Jordan, and will absorb other effluents of the Jordan. The surface of the Dead Sea, which is about seventy-five miles from Lake Tiberias, will be to some extent reduced, the evaporation being more rapid, and the deposits round the extended shores may prove valuable. A further assistance to irrigation will be given by nine large reservoirs, which Mr. Rutenberg has designed for convenient points throughout the country.

For the labor needed in the construction of this double scheme—for irrigation and electric power—Mr. Rutenberg depends partly on Arabs, who, he thinks,

will be excellent laborers, and partly upon young Jews from Russia and Poland. When I asked whether Jews would be capable of severe manual work in a region terribly malarial until the marshes are drained by the scheme itself, he replied that he had already tried Jews at work upon a road along the side of Lake Tiberias, which they had constructed with great skill and energy. And as to sickness, in their patriotic zeal for the hereditary country they were willing to take all risks, as he was himself. The man, though prominent in Russia as a Social Revolutionary when I was present there during the abortive revolution of 1905-1906, is possessed by an enthusiasm for the country that one might almost call religious. And if, as he thinks, he can count upon a similar enthusiasm among thousands of young Jews in the Near East, the supply of labor will not give him much trouble. Nor has the raising of capital been difficult hitherto, for the same motive has been at work. The Jewish Colonial Trust (London), Baron Edmund de Rothschild (Paris), the Palestine Development Council (New York, with Mr. Justice Brandeis of the Supreme Court as Chairman), and the Zionist Organization have all supported him. Making big allowances, he estimates the first step as costing about £1,000,000, and already the financing of the scheme is secured. The preliminary terms of the Concession are complied with, and the work may begin.

The Concession, granted by Sir Herbert Samuel as High Commissioner last September, is to run for seventy years, with sole right to build power-stations and lay transmission lines. But all the works and further concessions remain under the supervision of the High Commissioner, who now will presumably always be British, so long as our mandate holds. If profits rise above 10 per cent., half of the increase up to 15 per cent. will go to the Palestine Government, and all above that percentage, if the profits rise so high. As the present rate of interest goes, the scheme is not grasping, but Mr. Rutenberg means that it should be run on business lines, and he feels bound to take the lowest possible contracts for carrying out the works in order that the rates for energy, which are determined by the initial cost and the limited profits, should be as low as possible. Otherwise the inhabitants, whether Arab or Jew, would have to pay higher rates for their advantages, or his supporters would be swindled out of their natural returns. Here comes in one of the chief objections raised by opponents. Palestine, they say, was won by British blood and British money; surely, therefore, only British firms should obtain the contracts. Mr. Rutenberg replies that he is willing to give 10 per cent. advantage to British firms. The large orders are not yet placed, but so far the British tenders have been 100 per cent. higher than the German, and in one of the two small contracts which he has already concluded (for plant in Jaffa at a cost of about £15,000), he was obliged to take the German tender, simply as a matter of business. Nor was he encouraged to take a British tender when some British firms said that their offers were particularly advantageous because they could obtain the material cheap from Germany!

As prices seem likely to rise in Germany, while British prices are now being reduced, the point of advantage for British contractors may possibly be reached. In any case, no matter what blood the British contractors may have shed for Palestine, they entirely mistake the ostensible meaning of a mandate if they suppose it implies a monopoly for the Power who holds it. A mandate is a trusteeship—the duty of doing the best possible for the people in charge. It is that or it is only a disguise for exploitation. It is true the great majority of the inhabi-

tants in Palestine are Arabs, but no one who is acquainted with Arabs can imagine their conceiving or undertaking or raising the capital for such a scheme as this, though they are to benefit by it equally with the Jews. In a letter to the "Times" of July 7th, Lord Eustace Percy shows that the agreement made by Sir Henry McMahon with the Sherif of Mecca in October, 1915, was definitely understood to exclude Palestine, and those who invoke the agreement as a pledge of independence to all Arabs once under Turkish rule have no ground for their contention. But as to Mr. Balfour's pledge, given, no doubt, for good reasons, in 1917, to make Palestine a national home for the Jews, there can be no question.

The Rutenberg Concession is an attempt to fulfil that pledge by providing more opportunities for work and livelihood among such Jews as may choose to settle in Palestine, as well as for the Arabs. The scheme was Mr. Rutenberg's own personal invention. It was examined by our Colonial Office and accepted. Mr. Rutenberg has as much right to his "adventure" (Lord Balfour's word) as he would have to a patent granted under Government sanction. By his zeal in attempting to raise Jewish battalions in America for the reconquest of Palestine, and in influencing Jewish feeling there, hitherto hostile to the Allies owing to enmity towards Russia; by his constructive imagination in designing this scheme, and by his tact in arranging the dispute about the boundaries between Syria and Palestine at the head of the Jordan water-system, he has proved himself a man of power and resource, and something of an idealist as well—a very different type from the financier who plays the patriot by clamoring for contracts, and speculates in the products of other people's brains.

Life and Letters.

THE HAPPY BOTANIST.

THE man whose hobby is wild flowers is richly endowed by Providence. He is never bored or lonely on a journey. A soldier who was something of a hedonist once confessed to me that if he were told that he might demand two gifts of his fairy godmother in the next incarnation, he would first ask to retain his love of wild flowers and then that he might feel in every hour of his new birth as if he had just drunk half a bottle of Pommard. Finding new kinds of flowers, or greeting old ones after a separation, was the one experience that gave him a sense of preordained harmony with his surroundings.

I have often thought of that as a good analogy to illustrate the mellowing influence of a long association with flowers. One may be quite sure that the man who knows the seasons of the white and purple helleborine, and where to look for the Alpine lady's-mantle, is not fit for stratagems and spoils. Mr. Salt* is of this company, which is, probably, much larger than he believes. We exclude the Laodicean who says that he likes wild flowers, but thinks that it spoils them to know their names, as if it were possible to care about the individual plant without knowing something about its texture, habits, oddities or smell, and the man to whom flowers are merely a decorative carpet, a splash of color with no more individuality than humanity in a crowd; we exclude also the aesthete who does not know the difference between a buttercup and a potentil, or a hornbeam and a wych-

elm, the scientific botanist whose herbarium has no more romance in it than a stamp collection, and from whom flowers hide their souls; and the gardener who is only interested in rare or ornamental varieties which he roots up and plants in disciplined rows.

To the true flower-lover a garden, though it be one of life's first amenities, is only a lodging for flowers translated from their homes. "A garden is but a 'zoo,'" Mr. Salt observes, "with the cruelty omitted; and just as the true natural history is that which sends us to study animals in the wilds, not to coop them in cages, so the true botany must bring man to the flower, not the flower to man." He is equally impatient of a rock garden. For "just as a cosmopolitan city is no city at all, and a Babel is no language, so a multifarious rock-garden, where a host of alien plants are grouped in unnatural juxtaposition, is a collection not of flowers but of specimens. . . . It is a museum, a herbarium, if you like; but hardly, in any true sense, a garden."

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Salt was not a flower-lover in his childhood, but he tells us that he was not initiated into the cult until much later in life. The saxifrages in the Welsh mountains cast the first spell. Oliver Wendell Holmes once compared a poem to a meerschau pipe; it takes on a richer and deeper color every time one reads it. This is true of wild flowers. Half the secret of the spell they can weave round us lies in remembered associations. One's joy in them is cumulative. Like poets, they cultivate the taste by which they are enjoyed. His first spring to a blind man who had received the gift of sight might well be a pageant, but he would still be blind to all its allusive endearments, the heralds and the harbingers, old friends new-found and well-proven. His flower values would be all wrong. He would judge worth like a florist, or a botanical snob, by decorations, a slave to the conspicuous. Primroses would not lurk for him; they would have no more ambush for his spirit than they had for Peter Bell. The subtle appeal of the cowslip, the wood-sorrel, and wallflower would be lost. The bugle, the ground-ivy, and selfheal would pass unnoticed in the neighborhood of some flaunting hybrid tulip. Imagine reading "Lycidas" for the first time at the age of fifty-five.

Mr. Salt does not tell us when he received sight: only that as a boy in Skye he picked up the eagle's feather, but overlooked the yellow butterwort. The revelation, when it came to him, must have been as swift and sudden as the vision of St. Paul. Certainly he must be counted among the prophets. In his first chapter there is a paragraph in praise of the greater stitchwort which would admit him at the start as a free companion. For there are flower-lovers' flowers as there are poets' poets, not necessarily the universally admired, or the rare and distinctive.

Mr. Salt's great days, of course, have been days of discovery, as is the case with nearly all rambles in search of flowers. His greatest thrills have been communicated by the rare and new. His regrets are for undetected species, and his comfort that the list of the unfound is unexhausted. He has looked into the faces of many hundreds of star-saxifrages on the hills of Wales and Cumberland, but has never yet set eyes upon their sister, the snow-saxifrage. There was something symbolic in that cairn of stones which he built against the face of a precipice on Snowdon to climb up to his first spiderwort. Half his reminiscences are of "finds." He has found the Alpine saw-wort on Helvellyn, and the early spider orchis and the musk orchis on the Sussex Downs. Pickers and stealers are anathema to him, yet he is sometimes indiscreetly communicative as to the habitats of rare

* "The Call of the Wildflower." By H. S. Salt. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

species. That bog in Sussex, on the common behind the church, where the bog asphodel and marsh gentian grow, is too circumstantially described, even to its local name. Was it the marsh gentian he found on its banks and describes, but does not name? A flower "known and esteemed by the old herbalists as the marsh felwort." Our hopes were raised for a moment, but quickly fell. The marsh felwort is a *Swertia*. A single plant was believed to have been found in Wales nearly a century ago, and was admitted by W. J. Hooker into his flora with grave doubts, only to be cast out afterwards by J. D. Hooker ("The Students' Flora") in the list of excluded species, unconfirmed.

The Cortes note of the pioneer is often sounded in Mr. Salt's pages—always modestly—but to Mr. Salt there is no joy on earth like the discovery of a new flower. He apparently loves all plants—even the chickweed. "The modest milkwort is so lovely," he remarks, "that it shames us in our desire for the rare." Yet such is his passion for a "rarity" that he can talk of a blank day. How can a day be blank when one has lain on a bank of thyme or waded knee-deep in sheep's-parsley or crushed the leaves of the wood-sage, which reeks of hops, or of the hound's-tongue, which reeks of mice, and other strong herbs that crowd the mind with associations? The smell is the soul of the flower, the ancients told us, and it is grateful to the flower-lover, however sharp or eccentric it may be, as the expression of the mood and character of the plant. Mr. Salt has curiously little to say about smells; an allusion to the sweet marjoram "enriching the air," and another to the man who was so little sensitive to savors that he confused lilies and leeks, make up the sum of his observations. Yet much comfort can be derived from smells. If our supposititious blind man who was given sight were to lose it again after intimate associations with flowers, he could tell by the reek or fragrance of a plant to which of the great natural orders it belonged. The tribal smell of the Umbelliferae, Labiate, and Compositae, at least, is unmistakable.

But the joy of the returned native after a long exile is more in the rediscovery of flowers, though I remember my elation when, after a purgatory spent in some burnt-up wilderness, I found in my first walk in a Surrey beechwood the *monotropa*, a plant which I had searched for in vain for years. An unforgettable triumph, but a small thing compared to the thrill one feels at the sight of the first patch of marsh marigolds, or the first bank of primroses in spring. One has forgotten that frank, homely, modest, and lavish way they have of spreading themselves, which no Alpine primula can imitate. A field of ragged robin too is a lovely thing, or the early purple orchis with the spotted leaf, so strong and upright in the hay. Such are the flowers that gave my friend his sense of "a preordained harmony with his surroundings"—not the botanist's treasure, uncommunicative of itself, tracked down with pain, and carried home in a vasculum.

The lover of flowers, we have observed, is never bored or solitary on a journey, yet he can be intensely irritated. I remember a train journey by twilight between Orleans and Paris—banks of purple (or was it blue?) for sixty miles, and never a stop by a wayside station to give one a glimpse of the outline of the plant or how it grew. To this day I do not know whether it was vetch or flax or viper's-bugloss. But for a botanist's Tartarus, a nightmare of inhibition, I can remember nothing more tantalizing than a long motor journey with a major-general and his staff through the Jebel Hamrin in spring. It was a strange country to me then. As we entered the hills the ground was a patchwork quilt of

color, and we had come up from the accursed baked deltaic plain and had not seen a flower growing out of the earth on a green stalk for more than a year. I thought I detected irises, mauve hyacinths, scarlet anemones, and squills. The car sped on. One could not stop a major-general with orders in his pocket for tomorrow's operations, but I prayed for a puncture. It was characteristic of my friend the hedonist, who, like myself, was carried in a current of Armageddon to the Persian hills, that the only rebuff he ever received from his colonel was for botanizing in a battle. When he was lifted out of the ambulance his haversack was found to be stuffed with flowers. I can quite believe that if he had been with me in the car he would have carried a bag of nails.

Mr. Salt's book would have delighted him, especially the passage about trespassing. But the whole is the work of a kindred spirit. I can think of only one possible point of controversy. The hedonist was very often an exile—more so, one gathers in reading between the lines, than Mr. Salt. I fancy he drew more comfort from flowers in greeting old friends after a separation than in finding new kinds, however rare. But he exalted neither alternative above the other in bracketing them with his favorite Burgundian vintage as the only certain recipe for content.

EDMUND CANDLER.

Letters to the Editor.

OUR DUTY TO FRANCE.

SIR,—The Labor and Liberal Press echo with expressions of exasperation against France. Indeed, there is every justification for our resentment at the aggressive militarist attitude of official France, the apparent determination of French statesmen to seek security by strategic measures alone, and their refusal to admit that conciliation is the foundation-stone of economic reconstruction. Having got our share, our censorious attitude towards unsatisfied France is producing on the other side of the Channel a corresponding exasperation against ourselves. Meanwhile Europe remains bound by the cruel shackles forged and riveted on it by the Versailles Treaty, and thirteen consecutive conferences have done little or nothing to bring relief or hope to bankrupt nations and starving peoples.

"Let us break with France," "Let France go her way, we will go ours," "Let us refuse to be dragged at the heels of French militarism"—these and similar expressions come from those who desire most to see the recovery of Europe and the institution of peace and reconciliation. If France did not stand in the way we could mitigate Germany's burden, and so hasten her recovery to the advantage of all; we could come to terms with Russia; we could inaugurate an era of military disarmament. In fact, bit by bit, we could make amends for the fatal errors of Versailles and St. Germain. All this is quite true. But the situation is, perhaps, rather more desperate than most people realize. The failure of diplomacy by conference—and diplomacy of any other kind would have failed just as much, so long as the Peace Treaties were the basis on which it had to work—the bungling of statesmen who have collected behind them large followings by their absurd utterings of triumph and bombast, and the aggravated economic dislocation have produced a situation in which it is far from folly to make calculations about the next war. We can talk quite reasonably about fresh groupings of the Powers; we know—because the Treaties have created and underlined them—the multitude of causes of conflict between nations. Wars have always produced more wars; and this war, having been the largest war known, is likely to produce an unprecedented number of wars. But it is the very next one in which we are most interested.

We who are convinced of the tragic futility of warfare must do something besides shouting "No more war." We

must guard against the causes and occasions for international strife; and these are not always so easy to discern. Although it is certainly true that most modern wars have been engineered by rulers and Governments, the foolish, ignorant, submissive people being victimized, it is a great mistake to leave out of account altogether the disposition and psychology of the peoples themselves.

There was no popular antipathy against the Germans before the war beyond what was politically engineered in preparation for it. Propaganda and atrocity-mongering duly produced hatred for the Hun during the war, specially among the stay-at-homes; but the hatred was not deep-rooted, and we all remember how fraternizing at the Front had to be checked. Once the war was over, the "Gott strafe England" sentiment, and all the other dodges adopted by the Governments on both sides to keep the slaughter going, disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Great Britain was almost immediately regarded with friendly eyes, Englishmen were welcomed in Germany, and our Army of Occupation, by all accounts, is intensely popular. The truth is there are elements in the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic temperaments which are naturally sympathetic, and it requires careful political engineering to make the two peoples cut one another's throats.

Now between us and the French the case is different. Too often in history have we been in direct antagonism. The Entente was concluded at a time when another breach of relations was expected. It was a political device, and has remained a political device. In spite of the fact that British and French fought and suffered together, in spite of comradeship, loudly proclaimed friendship, and close co-operation, it is no good blinking the fact that natural sympathy between the two races does not exist. A want of sympathy amounting to suspicion is general and reciprocal. One of our most foolish kings (William IV.) once said in an after-dinner speech: "Talking of France, I must say that whether at peace or at war with that country, I shall always consider her as our natural enemy, and whoever may be her king or ruler, I shall keep a watchful eye for the purpose of repressing her ambitious encroachments." This silly old king may strike many to-day as having voiced a perfectly true sentiment. It requires a certain intellectual perception really to appreciate the French, and we are not an intellectual people. The differences between us are profound because they are temperamental.

Alliances are changed from decade to decade, in order to suit the diplomatic game of the moment. Ought we not, therefore, to be most careful not to sow the seed of distrust, and even antipathy, in a soil in which it is only too likely to strike root? Let us remember that France is suffering from her Government just as we are suffering from ours. All Frenchmen are not Poincarés. While ententes, and pacts, and agreements are only the ephemeral expedients of statesmen who are not considering peace, but diplomatic advantage, our duty lies in doing our utmost, even in unfavorable conditions, to promote harmony and goodwill between the two peoples. The fostering of anti-French sentiment is absolutely fatal to the maintenance of peace.

No improvement whatever in international relations can be expected with the present Government in power, even if they arrange a conference every month. To change them for men imbued with a totally different vision and spirit is the first objective. But in the meanwhile we must strain every nerve to prevent their blunders from reviving traditional animosity between the two nations. We should be guarded in our utterances; we should dissociate the French people from their Government; we should remember that they have been and are being misled (even more than we ourselves) by promises of phantom millions, Rhine frontiers, &c., which the very statesmen who utter them know perfectly well will never materialize; we must never forget their losses and suffering; we must recognize that they are smarting under a sense of failure in comparison to what they consider our success; and above all we must keep in the back of our minds the unconquerable prejudice which John Bull has retained—no doubt quite unreasonably—against his neighbors who are so different in make-up from himself. For in this last consideration lies a real danger.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

"SETTLEMENTS."

SIR,—May I be allowed to enter a word of protest against the ungenerous reference to the Jews in the article on "Settlements" in your issue of the 15th? It ill becomes a writer on the blessings of culture to reproach the Jews of Whitechapel either with the unæsthetic accessories of their favorite market-place, or with loyalty to their religious observances. As a student of manners, he should at least know that Petticoat Lane compares very well with Billingsgate, and its sights and smells are certainly not worse than those of London street-markets that are entirely inhabited by non-Jews. Whatever fault he may have to find with the unchangeable Whitechapel Jew, he seems to have none to find with the unchangeable Whitechapel non-Jew, who continues to crowd the gin-shops as of yore. His reference to the Settlement having moved some years ago further east "so as to give Christians a chance" smacks unpleasantly of the anti-Semitic spirit prevalent at some Continental Universities with their *numerus clausus*; though he does not explain how the Christians, who form the preponderating majority of the local population, could have been crowded out by those belonging to the minority, since opportunities of access were equal to both, unless the thirst for knowledge was in inverse ratio to their respective numbers. In any case, as one who is grateful for the advantage he enjoyed at Toynbee Hall in the days of Canon Barnett, and who has lectured more than once within its walls, I cannot help regretting that your contributor, in essaying to pay a tribute to the memory of the noble-minded founder, should have failed to show a greater regard for his most conspicuous teaching—the practice of Christian charity.—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL COHEN.

27, Pattison Road, Child's Hill, N.W. 2.

[I did not wish to strike a balance of abomination between Petticoat Lane and Billingsgate. I perceived only that all the efforts of Canon Barnett and all the "culture" of Toynbee Hall had failed to cleanse Petticoat Lane of its filth. I very much doubt whether Christians "form the preponderating majority" in that region of Whitechapel. Anyhow, I was informed at the time that the removal of the Settlement some years ago was due to a desire "to give Christians a chance" in a less Jewish neighborhood.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

Poetry.

WINTER RUIN.

(RUSSIA, 1922.)

THE old blind house is folded deep in snow,
Its empty, burned-out eyes accuse the stars;
The fissures of old wounds, struck long ago,
Divide its crumbling face in tigered bars.

The deep drift-snow is tracked with many birds,
That come and seek in vain and come no more,
And here and there a print of wandering herds,
But never a human foot about the door.

And in the inner mystery, if shapes
Glimmer between the cobwebs and the rust,
Whether of ghost or bird, of men or apes—
No voice nor sound disturbs the obscure dust.

Sometimes, with stealthy foot, there glides a stone
And slides into the snow without a sound;
The naked sentinel trees that watch alone
Wait with bleary eyes to see the cycle round:

Till the last boulder fall, and one last cry
Out of the dark into the dark be hurled:
They were before she was, and see her die—
So looks the House of Russia to the world.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE crisis in international finance, which was brought to a head by the mark collapse, remains the cynosure of City eyes, and although there is no definite news of any big development, considerable hopes are centred on the forthcoming meeting between Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré, the date of which is, unfortunately, uncertain owing to the Italian political crisis. In answer to Parliamentary questions, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has this week denied that any offer has been made to France to remit her debt to Great Britain on the condition that reparations are scaled down. But the Chancellor's words in reply to supplementary questions were entirely vague, and have by no means killed the hope that some such offer will be made at next week's discussions. The rumor that Mr. Lloyd George had made such an offer was very favorably received in the United States, and this fact is not likely to escape the attention of Downing Street. There are shrewd experts who believe that a big move of this kind, coupled with the settling of Britain's debt to America on a regular basis under a funding scheme (which is to be done in September), would produce a quick and vitally important revulsion in America's attitude towards European problems, and would possibly pave the way to effective co-operation between the two Anglo-Saxon nations in plans for lifting the Continent out of the financial morass which threatens to engulf nations and impedes the whole world in its march towards trade recovery. Hopes that something effective will be done quickly are based chiefly on the thought that the Allied statesmen will not be able to bring themselves to face the alternative of deepening disaster.

FOR AND AGAINST DEBT REMISSION.

If the expected offer is made to France I suppose we shall hear from certain quarters the cry that the British taxpayer cannot afford to remit Allied debts and yet pay America in full. But I do not believe that this will in any way represent the voice of the responsible sections of the business community, where the answers to this obvious plea are thoroughly realized. They are mainly twofold: first, that the value of most of these debts is very problematical; secondly, that whatever else we can or cannot afford, the British taxpayer certainly cannot afford to see trade continuing to wallow in its present trough of depression. The first condition to be fulfilled, if it is to climb out of that trough, is that the reparations question should be sanely settled, and the reparations question cannot be sanely approached except through a wider vision of the whole problem of international debts. France sees that an international loan for Germany is her only hope of receiving adequate recompense for her reconstructive expenditure. She has been told by the Committee of International Bankers that no such loan is possible unless reparations are scaled down. She is unwilling that they should be scaled down until her own debts are also scaled down or cancelled. The key to the deadlock is obvious, and it is in Mr. Lloyd George's hands. I, for one, believe he will try to use it; though when he inserts the key he will find, no doubt, that the lock needs that copious oiling which only the utmost tact and persistence can supply.

THE INVESTOR AND THE MARKETS.

Cheap money is serving to keep alive the activity of the gilt-edged market, in spite of the crisis in international finance and the approach of the holiday season. That the investor's resources are not exhausted, and that his attention is not confined to gilt-edged securities, is shown by continued activity in the market for Home Rails, and the overwhelming subscriptions to three industrial issues this week, for which applications running into a number of millions sterling were put in during the course of a very short space of time. On the whole, it may also be said that the interest shown by the public in industrial shares is increasing. Normally, however, one must expect that very

soon now the holidays will, as usual, bring slack times to Throgmorton Street, and, in the absence of strikingly favorable developments, a sagging tendency in quotations in many markets. In view of this likelihood it would seem to be worth while for investors who are holding Home Railway stocks at prices well above those at which they bought, to consider whether they should not now sell and take their profits. He would be a bold man who made the arbitrary statement that Home Rails quotations will go no higher. But with the amalgamation excitement at, or possibly past, its zenith, with the season of slack markets approaching, and with the idea gradually gaining ground that if the monthly net receipts of the companies were published (as they should and could be) the rise in quotations would never have gone so far—with all these considerations combining, it could hardly be very unwise to take a good profit now, where such opportunity offers.

OPTIONS: A WARNING.

This week's Stock Exchange account revealed only a modest carry-over, although there was a fairly large bull account in Chartered, owing to the provisional agreement with the Government of the Union of South Africa, which is to be discussed at a special meeting of shareholders to-morrow. Generally speaking, the public have been rather slow to take advantage of the facilities for speculation that were restored a month or two ago. In one respect, however, these facilities have been somewhat extensively used, and that is in respect of dealing in options. It is in this connection that I wish to convey a serious warning to my readers. If you wish to go in for this alluring form of speculation, make it your first rule to deal only through a member of a recognized Stock Exchange, who, in all his relations with clients, is subject to the rules and authority of the committee of his Exchange. I wish I could firmly imprint this rule in the minds of such of my readers as are speculatively minded; for at the present moment the bucket-shop fraternity, quick as ever to trade on popular fancy, are extremely busy peppering the public with offers of option deals framed to appeal to the seeker after quick riches. Information accumulates that their campaign is successful, and that they are doing much business in this line, and the complaints of deluded victims are becoming numerous. What frequently happens is this. A client goes in for an option deal; he finds he has made a profit and announces his intention of taking it. The bucket-shop turns on all its arts of persuasion to make him switch off to some other gamble, and by plausible arguments frequently succeeds, and in the next gamble, or the next, the client finds his money has disappeared. Some less pliable clients demand their profits, and go so far as to put the matter into legal hands. They then discover, to their chagrin, that they are impotent to obtain redress, because the bucket-shop can protect itself by pleading the Gaming Act.

I do not mean that there is no such thing as an honest outside broker. But the dishonest members of the fraternity are so active just now, particularly in connection with this option business, that inexperienced investors need to be very closely on their guard; and I hope this paragraph may save some people from an unfortunate experience. If you must gamble in options, go to a member of a Stock Exchange, and then you will win or lose according to the dictates of fortune. With the bucket-shop it is only too often a case of heads they win, tails you lose.

POINTS OF THE WEEK.

The national accounts for the week ended July 22nd were chiefly noticeable for a reduction of nearly £17 millions in the floating debt. This was made possible by sales of nearly £5 millions of Treasury Bonds, and an excess of over £12 millions of revenue over expenditure. The amount of Treasury Bills outstanding is now down to £765,410,000, as compared with £1,207,187,000 a year ago.

Those who look for still greater ease in monetary conditions attach significance to the fact that this week the Liverpool Corporation sold £1,000,000 Bills by tender at a rate below 2½ per cent.

L. J. R.



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The World of Books.

SOME of us can still remember well enough the popular excitement on the day of publication, and for many days afterwards, of "Through Darkest Africa." That book was a great event, we thought. There was still, in those days, a continent nearly wholly dark, and any man who ventured into its night, and appeared again to men's eyes, long after—lean, taciturn, and brown—was a hero, just as was Drake when he anchored the "Golden Hind" again at Plymouth. For the earth only thirty years ago could still compel wonder; there was much about it we did not know, and some great regions never traversed by white men. Elizabeth's Court did not listen to the stories of her bold navigators with closer interest than we gave to a reading of Stanley's book.

* * *

BUT his volume was the last to move in us the feeling of wonder. There have been many travel stories since of greater value; Shackleton's "South," and particularly that part of it describing the voyage in an open boat, was remarkably well written, and compared with it Stanley's book is certainly but a jobbing account. Still, the deepest darkness now in any of the continents is precisely where the white man is thickest to the square mile, and the gloom merely tones off to a sort of dusk in those areas where he himself rarely appears, but where his benefits are fairly well known. We hear that even in Africa, during the late war for freedom, some natives learned early to appreciate the value of machine-gun fire, owing to the opportunities it offered to their tastes as cannibals; though naturally we ought not to expect savages, anyhow at first, to take other than a wilfully wrong line over the benefits of civilized warfare. Except for little oddities of that kind, which are useful only as anecdotes, the world seems fairly well mapped.

* * *

IT was with surprise, therefore, that we opened "The Wonderland of the Eastern Congo," by Mr. T. Alexander Barns (Putnam, 31s. 6d.), which has an Introduction by Sir Harry Johnston. Mr. Barns, no doubt, would not claim to be a descriptive writer. Indeed, we feel thankful enough that he does not. He got into some unvisited parts of Africa, between Lake Victoria and the Congo, and shot a Kivu gorilla, which looks as big and as awful as a grizzly bear in the photograph, and actually has a span of arms of ninety inches, and a chest measurement of sixty-one inches. He could have got the creature on a length of film, together with a family of gorillas;

but appears to have preferred one gorilla on a hall-stand to a number in the camera, which we are free to regret. He secured in the Semliki forest the skin of an okapi which had been killed by a leopard. We hear of a great saurian, seen by a competent observer and an abstemious man, who was not likely to have mixed the creature with hippopotamus, in a small lake on the upper Kafue River. He was with the pygmies; and heard "of the cruel doings of the Sultans of Ruanda; of the Great War, and the pestilence and famine after it, when fifty thousand natives perished; of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes; of Kirschstein the German, and his attempt to scale Karisimbi, when thirty or more of his carriers were killed in a hailstorm; of elephants, man-apes and lions, and the mythical 'muga' of the forest dwarfs, resembling an enormous bear; of cattle and tsetse-flies and the three-horned chameleon and hairy frogs."

* * *

IT reads rather like those plain words from Elizabethan sailors who had been ashore in the Gulf of Guinea. But Mr. Barns goes on like that. He really got into some places which white men had never visited, saw innumerable elephants who were so unused to the smell of man that they allowed him to take films of them without complaint, and in another country saw lions stalking about in numbers, though we know that hunters may go to Africa to shoot lions, and stay there forlornly long enough to believe the lion to be a mere traveller's tale. He climbs through the jungle to craters of the volcanoes about the Great Rift Valley, and gazes into their boilers. Yet he writes about it all as though it were a great lark, and cheerfully remarks that when he was in the forest of the Semliki, where he stayed for months, he never felt better in his life. That the thoughts of sleeping sickness, fevers, lions, and gorillas, were not the kind to put this sanguine traveller off the urgent need to collect insects and camera films, one gathers from the fact that his wife was with him.

* * *

ONE's cheerfulness rises in the Congo forest under the influence of this energetic and light-hearted entomologist; and now and then, by odd chance, as in his descriptions of the Rift Valley scenery, which mixes volcanic eruptions with tropical lakes, and hangs glaciers over jungles haunted by elephants and great apes, he does reveal vistas of uncanny form and unearthly radiance, as though he were a figure by Jules Verne lost in another planet. You feel you must go to Lake Kivu, if it is but to die there. He never forgets to tell us any good story he happens to be reminded of by an occurrence, however tragic. There was the Belgian *Chef de Poste* who had a glass eye, and whose work of tax-collecting sent him far afield. His native servants, during his absence, took to petty thieving in the house. He had the bright notion, therefore, on one occasion, that he would keep at least one eye on them while he was away. He placed the glass one where it could overlook their doings. When he got home again the house was abandoned, for the servants could not face that eye, and the white ants had consumed even his boots. Africa, Mr. Barns moralizes, always holds the last card.

H. M. F.

Reviews.

REBECCA WEST'S NOVEL.

The Judge. By REBECCA WEST. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

It is not remarkable that though Rebecca West's contribution to modern letters has been so sparse, yet her high reputation as a writer is firmly based, and is freely admitted to be just. "The Judge" is but her third book. Still, nobody would pretend they were not eager to read it, though they had no other reason than that of a nervous enemy. Rebecca West's original ideas somehow permeate from afar, being a pungent and volatile solvent, until even those who have never read her become aware, with a startled cry, of what she thinks of something they gravely admire. It is said that some otherwise courageous novelists either blench or are struck into inarticulate fury at the mention of her name. One may sympathize, maybe coldly, with their emotions. It is not enjoyable to be flayed, and that without knowing it, for she conducts her operations bloodlessly, with smooth skill and a knife of invisible glass. It naturally makes another writer feel exposed and tender; and, as Swift once noticed, the process of flaying does not enhance our good looks.

Miss West's sentences are so still and lucid that the images which look out from them suddenly are as startling as a face mocking in a mirror from over one's shoulder. Her prose but seems static. That is its little game. It has more surprises than we naturally attribute to what is clear and still. Her analytical intuitions are devious and revealing, so that after one of her descriptions of a scene, an object, or a person, we feel we have viewed it, or looked at the person, from an angle where the light has a new and strange property. We get the notion, too, that we would rather not stand in that light.

We hope Miss West will forgive us if we point out that she is now standing in her own light. "The Judge" is one of the few novels of recent years of which we have felt we must read every word. Its author has taught us to do that. When Miss West writes she has a serious intent, however light-hearted she may appear. So one looks at every word of "The Judge." The result enhances our admiration for her descriptive prose, and our respect for her wit; there are few living writers who can match her powers. Much of the writing in this new book is superior to anything she has previously done. Her pictures of the streets and interiors of Edinburgh are delightful. Her intimations of the exposed and sombre nobility of the Scottish capital, the harshness and gleam of its streets on stormy evenings, the abrupt discovery of a bright and homely interior in the murk where the masses round a "close" are as dark, grotesque, and alien as a castle out of Grimm, give a pleasure more exquisite than we expect from a modern novel, where, as a rule, the "complexes" of the characters are shown in a void, or before mere backcloths. Edinburgh is solid in "The Judge," and there is smoke from its chimneys. This is not because the author has any unusual affection for Edinburgh; it is merely because she knows well how to do it, for her pictures of the Essex marshes, of a London hotel, and many little vignettes of characters in her book, are as vivid and right. With the feeling that "The Judge," as a novel, is a failure, we have the irrelevant certitude that if Rebecca West would only give us a narrative, say of travel, in which she could present us directly with her observations and ideas without the need to relate them to the alleged science of any new psychology, we should have a story worth many novels.

It was through expectantly and deliberately reading "The Judge," with the desire to be in at the death, if any, that we got the tired feeling which comes after a long run and no trophy, except the pleasure of the passing scenery in a lengthy and devious chase. The novel is over 400 pages of the conflict between sex love and parental love—which Freud and others have so seriously confused that the effort now to distinguish one from the other fills one's hair with straws; straws that doubtless, to Freud's disciples, form

supplementary unpleasant evidence. The story convinces for half its distance. Its characters are no more perverse than we have learned to expect of our fellows. But having behaved so far in accordance with their creator's plan of their natures, presently they become confused. Perhaps the strain has been too great. They have had to do too much introspection in public. They grow morbid and rebellious. They act as though, when about to do the usual thing, a psycho-analyst behind the scenes had prompted them from the wrong book. A hidden string flexes their joints, as it were, so that the marionettes make the knees bend both ways. The people in "The Judge" get peevish about this treatment of their joints—who would not?—and snarl at each other. They become like the animals compelled to go through a performance; they snap at everything but the ring-master. Even Ellen, the very young Irish-Scot (she is but seventeen years old), with her red hair, and her vivacious ways and lovable spirit, who begins by being apparently free from any mildewed and hidden hereditary dunnage, gets sad and heavy. Her movements become hampered in a tangle which, to the reader, is invisible. She makes impatient and awkward gestures. And Richard, her lover, who has brought Ellen from Edinburgh to stay with his attractive mother (he is a romantic illegitimate son), gets really angry as he, too, grows more and more impeded by the unseen psychic mesh, and so throws himself about with many a backward glance and violent damn—as a good man might who went to kiss a girl and came to grief with his foot in a hole in the carpet. Richard, perhaps, has the idea that the infernal hole was put there in order to trip him; and we feel we must assure him privately that we think it was, too.

"The Judge" is not one of those novels which, from a good beginning, grow thinner till they are merely nothing. The firmness and leisure of its opening—a level maintained in ease and confidence by the artist for a distance as long as an ordinary novel—make the lapse and inconsequence of the latter part of the volume such a puzzle that a reader is constrained to wonder over it. The reason for the lapse is important in so good a writer and so clear a thinker. Perhaps men and women, when really alive even in a novel, resent unnatural ill-treatment and take a cunning revenge. It is certain that Miss West no sooner gets her people together in Essex, and makes Richard's mother think aloud for the sake of the reader—so conjuring about that house on the marsh a miasmic fog in which the other characters run into one another, besides getting the shivers—than the reader ceases to believe. The story becomes a gratuitous muddle, an incredible fable false in its movements. "Every mother," says Miss West, "is a judge who sentences the children for the sins of the father." Richard's mother says that, and Miss West thinks so well of the remark that she uses it as a text. Its meaning is obscure, but so far as we can see anything in it we think it should begin, "Every rum sort of mother"; and Richard's mother was not at all rum, but a most reasonable and interesting woman. And why did she commit suicide? And write her silly reason round that blotting-pad? She was not the sort to do it, even though her son Richard had behaved like a sudden poltroon, no doubt surprising her as much as he did us.

Our chief regret, however, about the end of the book is that we shall have to go without a review of it by Rebecca West. The mother commits suicide; while the family mourn this fact in a cold morning light, Richard reads her last message on the pad. His weeping half-brother Roger (who is present with his sweetheart Poppy) makes an idiotically false and unpleasant suggestion about Richard and Ellen through the tears he is shedding over his mother. Richard plunges a bread-knife into his brother's heart as casually as though it were a loaf. Poppy remarks: "This is a copper's business. I'm off before they come." Ellen, though sobbing, is sufficiently collected to express a criticism of the shocking affair subtle enough for a considered statement in a rose-bower. And the murderer? He has the bright idea, at that moment, that he had better invest his reduced future in a baby before the police arrive. And Ellen? Well, the last we hear of that child is a soliloquy as to whether she will have a boy or a girl.

THE CAMBRIDGE ECONOMISTS.

Cambridge Economic Handbooks:—Money. By D. H. ROBERTSON. **Supply and Demand.** By HUBERT D. HENDERSON. (Nisbet and Cambridge University Press. 6s. each.)

THIS series of Economic Handbooks, which Mr. Keynes is editing, makes an excellent beginning with "Money," by Mr. D. H. Robertson, and "Supply and Demand," by Mr. H. D. Henderson. Mr. Robertson's volume can be read with complete understanding by intelligent persons who make no pretence of being political economists; for he explains with admirable lucidity the few technical terms he is compelled to use, while by the aid of quaintly attractive illustrations he forces readers to follow his trains of exact reasoning. In his earlier chapters he builds up, bit by bit, the structure of the monetary system as it normally exists and operates. He performs a notable service in making clear the distinction between "money in existence" and "money available," and in coining the useful term "chequery." No other textbook gives so convincing an analysis of the part played by bank loans for ordinary trade purposes and for the extraordinary purposes to which war policy put them. Mr. Robertson tackles thoroughly the vitally important questions relating to credit policy with reference to rises and falls of price-levels, and discusses, perhaps a little too concisely, the proposals of Mr. Irving Fisher and others for stabilization.

He is well prepared to give a closely argued opinion on disputed issues of policy. Though complete stability is a sound ideal for a well-regulated world, he holds that in the world in which we live "it is not impossible that a gently rising price-level will, in fact, produce the best attainable results" in stimulating industrial energy and productivity. He is not afraid of a world-shortage of gold in face of the economies that are practicable and likely, and he does not think any proposal for international money presently feasible. He favors a revaluation of our £ sterling in preference to the considerable further drop of prices needed to bring it to its pre-war parity, and puts forward interesting arguments for a carefully limited policy of rationing bank loans. Altogether it is an admirable essay in the treatment of a subject-matter to which the standpoint of what the editor calls "orthodox members of the Cambridge School of Economics" is well adapted. How far this standpoint and method is equally applicable to the concrete economic system as a whole is more questionable.

If in an economic system the various factors both of supply and of demand were infinitely divisible, perfectly mobile, and handled with complete understanding, they would so dispose themselves as to yield the maximum of social utility or wealth, and the quantities of productive power in each employment would be such that the last increment in any one would be exactly equal in cost and utility to that in any other. Money being used in these processes, "a commodity tends to be produced on a scale at which its marginal cost of production is equal to its marginal utility, as measured in terms of money, and both are equal to its price." Joint and substitutional demand and supply complicate the reckoning a little, but do not affect the exactness of the method.

Of course, there is no such system, but it is possible to assume there is, and then make all sorts of allowances for the differences between our system and this completely divisible and mobile one. This is the method invented and developed by the mathematical economists of Cambridge, and applied with skill and accuracy by Mr. Henderson in his volume on "Supply and Demand." We are truly told that "Quantitative measurement is essential to efficiency." But in explaining the actual economic system, quantitative measurement cannot proceed far by use of margins. For actual units of production, and often units of consumption, are of a considerable size. The free movement and competition essential for the accurate play of these laws of supply and demand are absent, or operate very feebly over large fields of industry. Again, the measurement of human motives in evoking supplies of capital, labor, or ability, and placing them exactly where they should be placed, is a very uncertain process. All these and many other qualifications to the perfect calculus Mr. Henderson clearly recognizes. But, in common with others of his school, he does not seem to see that there is anything wrong in treating economic

factors as infinitely divisible and mobile, and then making allowances for the fact that they are not. One danger of this course, however, is that it leads to the false judgment that in our actual system every factor of production tends to get what it is worth. Marginalism is admirably adapted and is subconsciously intended (not by Mr. Henderson, but by its inventors) to present a scientific barrier against the excessive claims of labor, by whittling down to a mere "lag" the gains from trade-unionism. Mr. Henderson partially falls into this trap when he maintains that it is "an illusion to suppose that the general wage-level can be appreciably and permanently raised by trade union action, except in so far as it increases the efficiency of the workers or, incidentally, stimulates the efficiency of the employers" (p. 145). For, except in the case of economic rent, his method eliminates the surplus of unearned and unnecessary payments which pass to the economically strong members of society, and are available for raising the general wage-level if the workers are strongly organized enough to get them, and do not find that the State has exercised a prior claim upon them.

SHAKESPEARE AND "RELATIVITY."

"Macbeth," "King Lear," and Contemporary History. By LILIAN WINSTANLEY. (Cambridge University Press. 15s.)

A YEAR ago Miss Winstanley published a book in which she tried to show that to Shakespeare's audience "Hamlet" must have appeared to deal with the then burning problem of the Scottish succession. So close (she argued) was the parallel between the positions of the Prince of Denmark and James of Scotland, between Claudius and the elder Bothwell, between the murdered king and James's father, Darnley, between Gertrude and James's mother, Mary Queen of Scots, that it was hardly possible that a play on such a theme, produced at a moment when the mind of the English people was preoccupied with the question whether James would be suffered, by enemies within and without, to succeed quietly to the throne of England, should not be interpreted in political terms. In spite of many naïvetés in the details of her argument, Miss Winstanley's thesis was, in the main, persuasive, and its interest generally acknowledged.

The encouragement has gone to her head. She has tasted blood. Her new book reveals her ravening through Shakespeare's plays, seeking which she may devour. No longer satisfied with the modest and interesting purpose of suggesting what political significance might have been attached by Shakespeare's audience to his plays, she now tries to prove that Shakespeare deliberately composed "Macbeth" and "King Lear" as political allegories. "Macbeth" is a play on the Gunpowder Plot, "Lear" is a play on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the murder of Coligny; besides this, they are both—like "Hamlet," in her interpretation—plays about the Darnley murder. Put in terms more reasonable than any she herself employs, Miss Winstanley's argument is that in the mind of the average Englishman of 1606-7, the years when "Macbeth" and "King Lear" were produced, the Gunpowder Plot was instinctively related to the Darnley murder, and both to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, as various phases of a great and secular Popish plot against the political and religious independence of England. The menace was so present to their minds that the details of events which had occurred, one fifty, one thirty years ago, were familiar. Not only did they see what we are accustomed to recognize in "Macbeth" and "Lear" as a vast, elemental conflict between the forces of good and evil, as the struggle of Popery against the national liberties of England, but they discerned in every detail of Shakespeare's dramas some reminder of actual and historical events—in the murder of Duncan, the murder of Darnley; in the witchcraft of Macbeth, the witchcraft of Bothwell; in the fate of Lear, the fate of Coligny; in the fidelity of Cordelia, the fidelity of Joan of Navarre; in the lust of Goneril and Regan for Edmund, the passion of Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Bothwell for Bothwell, and a thousand other analogies besides. Miss Winstanley gives

pages of them, and nineteen out of every twenty are fantastically trivial.

Miss Winstanley is convinced that she can show us not merely how Shakespeare's audience may have interpreted his great tragedies, but what he meant by them; not merely how they heard them, but how he wrote them. In order to do this she makes one or two small psychological assumptions, of which one of the more original is that Shakespeare was absolutely devoid of imagination. When we put it so bluntly, Miss Winstanley will no doubt protest; but that will only be one naïveté the more to her account. For the whole basis of her argument is this. When Shakespeare departs from his known literary sources, it must be because he used some other source; since these other sources cannot be literary (in which case they would have been discovered) they must have been found in contemporary history. As an original argument it will compare very favorably with the wildest efforts of the Baconians, the only appreciable difference being that the Baconians are not yet published by a University Press, nor sold at fifteen shillings for two hundred pages. Miss Winstanley's methods are, however, more amusing in the concrete than the abstract. In the traditional story of Lear, for instance, the old king, after his foolish division of the kingdom, is eventually restored to his throne and reigns in peace. It was, in fact, a story with a happy ending, as Tate subsequently made Shakespeare's play. Why, asks Miss Winstanley, did Shakespeare change it? What could be his motive for such an extraordinary act? It seems to her so extraordinary that one might suppose most of her non-professional reading to be done in American "glad" books. It does not occur to her to consider that Shakespeare might have made the change because he felt like it, or, in words more serious, because it happened to square with his vision of life when he began to write the play. But, even though the freedom of the creative imagination is a conception unfamiliar to Miss Winstanley, it might have occurred to her merely as a lecturer in English that in certain other of his plays Shakespeare makes free with his sources. He alters the story of "Othello" to suit his purposes; he turns three plebeian outbreaks in "Coriolanus" into two; he telescopes the whole history of "Julius Cæsar." And has Miss Winstanley no memory that in this very play of "Lear," the old story, though it allows the king a peaceful restoration, assigns to Cordelia an intolerably tragic end? It gave Shakespeare, who was not fond of the trouble of inventing stories, the opportunity he liked, of telescoping a diffuse story into a compact one. But the author will have none of this; she insists on treating Shakespeare as though he were a fifth-rate compiler of the Newgate Calendar. He must have copied it all from somewhere. Lear is represented as everything but a creature of the imagination of a great poet.

And why is Lear not a creature of Shakespeare's imagination? First, of course, because it was impossible for Shakespeare to imagine anything. But Miss Winstanley employs a subsidiary argument which, for unadulterated ingenuousness, deserves to be placed on permanent record. She begins, for instance, by proclaiming that her method of interpreting Shakespeare by contemporary history is the only true way. People like Coleridge and Mr. Bradley, who claim that Shakespeare is a universal poet, are deluded; what is more, they are behind the times. "Now to those of us who have studied Bergson . . ." Of course, it ought to be "who have studied Einstein." Miss Winstanley herself is a little belated; but she manages to catch up a year or two on the next page. "The moment we attempt to apply the principle of relativity to Shakespeare, certain very important facts stand out." Here is one of them:—

"Psychology also has its historical development, and therefore the psychology of one age cannot exactly resemble the psychology of another. . . . Now, if we are going to interpret Shakespeare's plays by a psychological method, we ought surely to begin by explaining what his psychology really was. But neither Mr. Bradley, nor any other Shakespearean critic known to me, does anything of the kind."

In this characteristic utterance the big word "psychology" does duty in at least three different senses, which the author cheerfully imagines to be the same. If she means anything

at all (a rather charitable assumption sometimes in her case), her first "psychology" means the science of psychology; her second, the habits of feeling and thought of an age; her third—"Shakespeare's psychology"—Shakespeare's methods of conceiving and presenting a character. Possibly, a really charitable person might argue that this last was the meaning of "psychology" throughout. But then the final sentence, which denies that Mr. Bradley *et hoc genus omne* address themselves to explaining Shakespeare's methods of conceiving and presenting a character, becomes too fantastic.

However, the author is going to show us what Shakespeare's psychology really was. She does it in several ways. The first argument is this. The characters of Shakespeare's great tragedies are admittedly "superhuman." Therefore, though they were copied, they were not copied from a single man. Shakespeare made them up out of bits of Darnley and Bothwell and Coligny and James I. and the other historical characters we have mentioned. That is proved because Spenser made his characters up out of bits, and Spenser's characters are also "superhuman." The second argument is this:—

"I simply cannot conceive dramas of such intensity written about early Scotland or the remote Bronze Age. The human mind does not work with that appalling vehemence when it is dealing with the affairs of the Bronze Age. I cannot conceive a man writing such a tragedy as 'King Lear' unless he was most vitally and most painfully interested in the subject, and I cannot understand why, on the ordinary interpretation, Shakespeare had any reason to be either."

"I now propose to apply the new method. . . ."

Surely that is the oddest argument that has ever been applied to the criticism of Shakespeare, or of any great work of literature. No writer can feel passionately about the characters he has imagined; no poet can feel intensely about such a trivial thing as the human soul. Who can conceive that Æschylus wrote so vehemently about Prometheus—a Stone Age hero? Of course, he was writing about the quarrel between Athens and Sparta. And Keats, who waxed warm about Hyperion—another Stone Ager—was really being passionate about Napoleon and Castlereagh. In short, every work of literature that does not openly deal with contemporary politics, deals with them under an alias.

Starting from such assumptions anyone can get anywhere. Where Miss Winstanley happens to get is a matter of no moment, seeing she might as well be anywhere else; of no moment, that is, to anyone except herself. She, unlike most people, finds "Lear" much more satisfactory now that she knows that it is all about Coligny:—

"In the ordinary interpretation I find Lear's division of his kingdom to be a mere baby-tale, quite unworthy to be the starting-point of the most terrific of tragic dramas; but if it typifies the divisions of France in the Civil Wars and the fatal blindness and rashness which led to those divisions, then I think it quite worthy of the supreme drama that follows."

At any rate, Miss Winstanley is happy. And so, in my own way, am I. I have read many funny books about Shakespeare: hers is, perhaps, the funniest of them all; and I wait impatiently for her to apply "the principle of relativity" to a few contemporaries. I have a vague suspicion that "Jude the Obscure" is a tract on Tariff Reform.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

Books in Brief.

Red Dusk and the Morrow: Adventures and Investigations in Soviet Russia. By Sir PAUL DUKES. (Williams & Norgate. 15s.)

WHATEVER political belief the reader may hold, if he respects impartiality and loves a good story for its own sake, he will find Sir Paul Dukes's book admirable for both reasons. The author has the mind of a venturesome boy and of an impartial investigator. The Communist and the anti-Bolshevik will dislike his conclusions equally, but we are certain they could not read him without interest and respect. There are enough adventures and intrigues in this book to provide the average novelist with the material for

ten romances. As an official of the British Intelligence Service Sir Paul Dukes has been charged by the Soviet Government with conspiracies to overthrow it. But he has kept his independence of thought, and his inquiries have not been colored by prejudices. He believes in the fundamental sanity and strength of the Russian people, whatever may be the doings of their governors, and even towards them his criticism is tolerant because informed. The only way to bridge the gulf dividing "the party" from the people, he holds, is for "Russian Communists to cease to be first Communists and then Russians, and to become Russians and nothing else." The Third International stands in the way, since "its adherents possess none of the greatness of their master." They still cling to hope of a world revolution when its prospects are clearly gone. Sir Paul saw what is now being dimly apprehended by some of our own political leaders, that the retention, in the event of a change or modification of *régime*, of some organized machine, even that established by the Communists, is desirable. "In the first place there is no alternative ready to supplant it. Secondly, the Soviet system has existed hitherto only in name, the Bolsheviks have never permitted it to function, and there is no evidence to prove that such a system of popular councils, properly elected, would be a bad basis for at least a temporary system of administration. Thirdly, Bolshevik invitations to non-Bolshevik experts to function on administrative bodies, especially in the capitals, began at an early date. . . Experts who are anything but Communists hold important posts in Government Departments. . . To sweep away the entire apparatus means to sweep away such men and women with it, which would be disastrous." The political organizations alone are the stumbling-block.

* * *

What We Want and Why. By VARIOUS AUTHORS. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

A DETERMINATION to discover what it is that is wanted by Mrs. Philip Snowden and Messrs. J. H. Thomas, Robert Williams, Tom Mann, J. Bromley, and Noah Ablett may carry the reader through this volume. He will need it all. The uninterested are not likely to start on the task, and sympathizers with the Labor Party will be made a little uncomfortable. "Skipping" is difficult because the editor (whoever he may be) provides no index, nor contents table, nor preface. The book begins with Mr. Thomas's statement that he can "honestly say that the primary thing we want is a thoroughly efficient railway service." Sir Frederick Banbury could not quarrel with that. Mr. Thomas gives the usual arguments for railway nationalization in his usual way of stating an argument. The converted know the case, and to opponents Mr. Thomas generously hands such statements as: "We want a nationalized system because we still believe that it can be made the most efficient of any. It would be the cheapest of any, cheapest, I mean, to the users of the lines." He lets it go at that. Mr. Robert Williams tries to explain the breakdown of the Triple Alliance during the coal strike, and this, with quotations from Robert Owen on the state of England after Waterloo, leaves little room for his own argument for Socialism. We gather that the authors do not all agree. One believes that "what has taken place in Russia has given an enormous impetus to the spread of Communist principles." The case for Labor has been, and is being, put so well by so many writers and investigators that it does not seem to us helpful to bring together these loose generalizations.

* * *

My Years in Paris. By Princess PAULINE METTERNICH. (Nash & Grayson. 10s. 6d.)

It was not boredom that killed the Court of Napoleon III., but Princess Metternich and other memoir-writers convince us that that would have been its fate had it not met with a deservedly more violent one. We are supposed to believe it was pursuing pleasure as well as duty. It made a success of neither; at least, we do not find Princess Metternich's accounts of royal functions and entertainments any more exhilarating than the reports of such affairs in to-day's papers. The Princess never hints that this life was boredom, but it is obvious from the bright-

ness that comes into her story when writing of characters like Dumas that her tastes were better than those of her confrères. There is a picture of Dumas at a dinner party, talking a great deal on every sort of subject. "He really made one feel that he had tried with Pharaoh to cross the Red Sea, that he had helped Dido to found Carthage, that he had invaded Gaul with Julius Caesar, that Charles V. had been his bosom friend, that he had been a constant visitor to the Court of the Medici."

* * *

14,000 Miles through the Air. By Sir ROSS SMITH. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

THIS story of the first flight from England to Australia supplies sufficient evidence of the trials and dangers which Sir Ross Smith was preparing to face in an attempt to circle the world in an aeroplane. He was never to undertake that venture. He met his death at Brooklands when testing the machine for that flight. He and his brother Keith, W. H. Shiers, and the late J. M. Bennett started at the end of 1919, in a Vickers-Rolls Royce aeroplane, from London, and covered the 14,350 miles to Adelaide in twenty-eight days. The actual flying time was 188½ hours. The first stage of the journey was the most discomforting. The first day found them in a blizzard among vast snow clouds. There are such entries in Sir Ross's diary as: "This sort of flying is a rotten game. The cold is hell, and I am a silly ass for having ever embarked on the flight." At times the airman's limbs were so cold that the machine was almost beyond his control. But Lyons was reached without mishap, on a day officially declared to be "unfit for all flying." Only expert knowledge, endurance, and great courage could have carried men to the end of the long adventure. But the reader would gather from Sir Ross's modest narrative that to the engines all the praise is due.

* * *

Poems of Shelley: An Anthology in Commemoration of the Poet's Death, July 8th, 1822. Selected and Arranged by T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON. (Cobden Sanderson. 8s. 6d.)

THE greater part of this year's Shelleyana have had but one excuse for their appearance, and that the fact that it is 1922, and not 1921, nor 1923. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's choice from Shelley's poetry has been issued to mark the occasion, but it does not depend in the least upon the occasion for our applause. It might have been published at any time since Shelley's death with as great an appeal: it will stand its ground when the current punctilio of platform and Press—inevitably—has long faded away. Of Shelley, a very great poet, the reader has here the best poems: that is an excellent beginning. To proceed, these poems have been arranged in spiritual sequence by a veteran idealist. If anyone can make an Anthology from Shelley's poems, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is that anthologist. And next, his reverent labors, presenting the poems in their great harmony, have been supported by those of the publisher and the printers as nobly as in the two volumes of Wordsworth and of Keats, which had previously appeared in this series.

* * *

Excessive Expenditure and Oppressive Taxation. (The League to Enforce Public Economy, 31, Essex Street, W.C.2. 6d.)

THE need for a popular summary of the Geddes Reports is obvious. They are long; they are technical; and they are needlessly expensive. The League to Enforce Public Economy has produced an excellent digest of their conclusions, which deserves the widest possible publicity. It is particularly admirable in its terse account of the criminal folly of our extravagant expenditure on the Army and Navy. It shows clearly the inability of the Government to understand, much less to act upon, the recommendations of the Geddes Committee in this regard. It is a pity that the pamphlet should treat the educational expenditure of the Government as on all fours with armament finance; and its account of the percentage grant system is misleadingly brief. But, in general, the pamphlet is accurate and informative; and its moral is well pointed in the cogent preface of Mr. F. W. Hirst.

From the Publishers' Table.

WE hear that an addition is shortly to be made to the series of "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" published by Messrs. Constable; this is a Life of Lord Shaftesbury, written by Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hammond.

"GEORGIAN Poetry" has its counterpart in "American Poetry," a biennial collection, the second volume of which is to be published in September by Messrs. Harcourt & Brace. There is, however, no "E. M." to "American Poetry." Each poet has chosen his own pieces, from those not already included in his books. The names alphabetically range from Aiken to Untermeyer, and number thirteen.

THE same publishers will issue in America "A Collection of Poems for Children," of which Mr. de la Mare is the editor.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON announce "The Genoa Conference," a record of the proceedings, by Mr. J. Saxon Mills.

THE slightness of the references in the daily Press to the death of Sara Jeannette Duncan, who died last week, is a rather curious sign, for Mrs. Cotes was a writer with a wide appeal in the English-speaking world. She was a vivacious young Canadian woman, the heroine of "A Social Departure," when she married in India and settled down to life in Calcutta and Simla. India and Canada, mainly, provided her with the material for about twenty books. Her special touch was seen at its best in her pictures of Anglo-India, which are far more perceptive than those of most of the novelists who have exploited the Indian field.

IN April, 1921, a collection of the writings of Mr. Kipling was sold at Sotheby's, which in its completeness said the last word for human patience and industry, and may have refreshed Mr. Kipling's own memory of his performances. The owner of this assemblage of all sorts was Captain E. W. Martindell. The last item in the catalogue was a typewritten Bibliography of Kipling by him.

NOW this Bibliography, with, we suppose, the latest improvements, has been issued in volume form through "The Bookman's Journal," of 173, Fleet Street. The edition is limited to 400 copies for sale, at 16s. each. Captain Martindell having amassed "the most comprehensive collection" of Kipling's writings, it is clear that his bibliography must be in the main definitive. And in detail he has considered each item with almost unnatural minuteness. The volume is illustrated with facsimiles, not so perfect as those in Sotheby's catalogue, but very useful to the enthusiast.

ADMIRATION, too, is due to another compiler, Mr. Thomas Aldred, of the Hackney Public Library. He has brought together into a concise list the essential references of "English and American Sequel Stories." In his pages, which are democratic, one may find recorded such books as those about "Joe Strong, the boy wizard," Dr. Nikola, Dainty Dorothy, Arsène Lupin, as well as the grouped writings of Messrs. Balzac, Trollope, Zola, and others. A handy book for public libraries and their users, this is published at 6s. by the Association of Assistant Librarians, and the profits will be given to the Benevolent and Orphan Fund of that body.

TO Messrs. Macmillan's "Blue Guides" is now added "Wales" (7s. 6d.). It is worthy of a series already famous. The information is full, and conveyed with ease: the maps are very clear. From Mr. Fisher Unwin, at the same time, comes the 26th edition of Baedeker's "Switzerland" (15s.). Revision, necessitated by a war (the Great War), has been duly made.

WE have to thank the "Little Review" ("egoist publishing co.") for a pleasant half-hour spent in slumber over

its 2022 A.D. pages; "Secession," for a similar narcotic blessing, drawn from the first lines of its leading poem—

"on the Madam's best april the
twenty nellie";

and "The Chapbook," which asked twenty-seven ladies and gentlemen "Three Questions Regarding the Necessity, the Function, and the Form of Poetry," and prints their answers.

Music.

POTS, EMBROIDERIES, AND FOLK-SONGS.

I HAD arrived in the small hours of the morning, and stood battering on a great door with an ancient knocker while the sky paled to greenish and the angel-musicians began to come back into their places on the shadowy front of the cathedral. We sat late over breakfast that day. Through an open window came the sound of children's voices; they were playing some round game (which was partly a lesson), and singing it to one of the folk-songs of the district. The Master was talking about pots and embroidery, discussing them in a way which seemed equally true of folk-songs and all kinds of music. He spoke, not as a pedagogue or a critic, but as a practical workman; and his remarks would have carried conviction to anyone interested in music as a living art.

Students of Spanish regional music, like the students of so many things in Spain, have felt the influence of the great educationist and inspiring teacher, D. Francisco Giner de los Ríos. "Don Francisco" (to give him the name by which he will always be affectionately remembered) was not a musician himself; but in his way of life and teaching he was, like Confucius, "the Master and Model of Ten Thousand Generations." The room in which we were sitting belonged to some buildings acquired and endowed through his influence and friendship; while the fact that the children were singing authentic folk-songs was thoroughly in the spirit of his work. Some time in the 'eighties, one of Don Francisco's friends, Riaño, who had helped to arrange the Spanish collections at South Kensington, wrote a valuable little book, in English, on early Spanish music. He was succeeded by a number of patient workers who set themselves to the serious study of music as it was sung in the different regions of Spain. Numerous "Albums" of Spanish folk-songs had, of course, appeared before then; but they were, as a rule, imitations of the real thing made into polite (or impolite) little ballads. To-day there exist reliable collections of the songs of most parts of Spain; and comparative studies can be undertaken showing what form the same tune has taken in different regions, and what are the musical characteristics of the inhabitants of different parts of the country. A few folk-songs are shown to be recollections of plain-song melodies heard in church; others, principally dance tunes, have been taken up by the Church and fitted with devotional words; while one at least is descended from a well-known English tune, brought over by the soldiers of the Duke of Wellington.

Outside Spain, most people would only recognize one or two Andalusian songs and the Aragonese *Jota* as being definitely Spanish. But there are, of course, numbers of other types. Catalan tunes like "Count Arnold" and "The Lady of Aragon" are as distinctive as the language in which they are sung. There are characteristic features about Basque tunes, besides those in five-time (which are mainly of the nineteenth century); and more can be said about the songs from Galicia than that they belong to a land of Celtic twilight. The melodic line, the position of the semitones, the predominant rhythms, all have to be considered, as well as the haunting cadences of the Galician dialect. Again, in Galicia and the Asturias the national instrument is not

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Negatives and Positives

STOBS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

ALL artists agree on the axiom that the fostering of illusion is necessary in order to beautify or intensify the interest of life. Otherwise life would be disgustingly dull. But there exist the artistic illusion and the banal illusion; therefore it is well to maintain a rigid standard of values, and to distinguish between culture and vulgar stupidity.

One might have thought that the annihilation of snobbishness would be at least one of the fruits of the war; one might have been justified in regarding snobbishness as a relic treasured only by the chorus lady who has magically traipsed from the footlights to the Upper Circle—but it still exists in less exalted spheres. During 1920 this House was charging, on an average, about eighteen guineas for its lounge suits. This charge was quite legitimate, for cloth was then frightfully expensive, owing to the Government having cornered the woollen market and making over £60,000,000 on its deal. The amusing fact, however, is that when Pope and Bradley were compelled to make these high charges for their productions, the criticism of the few unintelligent snobs was, "How wonderful! Terribly expensive, you know, but, of course, the best in the world."

Now, in 1922, the price of the best materials is fifty per cent. lower, and Pope and Bradley's minimum price for a lounge suit is nine guineas, which is about three guineas cheaper than the minimum of other exclusive West End tailors. And here lies the colossal psychological joke. The unintelligent snobs, obsessed by their method of regarding values by price, scratched their material pates until they almost penetrated the vacuum. "How moderate!" they said, "so modest that one wonders if they are the best."

It is an amazingly stupid world of false material values that we live in. And nowhere is the line of demarcation between culture and vulgar stupidity more sharply drawn than in the simple field of practical economics. To the snob, price is the sole criterion; value is nothing. Possessing no taste of his own, the snob must adopt some criterion, and his criterion is price. The average West End man is, however, a very shrewd judge of values, which is evidenced by the unique success of this House. Pope and Bradley maintain the highest standard, and, whether their price is ninety guineas or nine, they do not deviate from the principle of producing the best that money can buy, irrespective of cost. And, incidentally, their profits are much more modest than their advertisements. Lounge suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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the guitar but the bagpipes; and the pipes (like the guitar in the south) have had a notable influence on the shape of melodies and their accompaniment. The Asturian songs—owing perhaps to the thoroughness with which they have been analyzed—seem to lead naturally to those of the adjoining parts of Spain: the mountainous, coastal province of Santander and the upland plains of León and the Castiles; and it is here that the comparative method has given most interesting results.

Yet the study of folk-song in Spain is not merely a thing of comparative folk-lore and local customs. Regional music is cultivated as a living thing, both in education and in serious music. In those parts in which choral singing is practised—that is to say, Catalonia, the Basque Provinces, Asturias, and Galicia—the works which everyone most likes to sing and to hear are choral arrangements of folk-songs, like those by Dr. Vaughan-Williams and other English composers of the present day. What sort of music they are accustomed to sing in Biscay and Catalonia—and it requires a good deal of choral technique—may be seen in the arrangements and original works of Padre Otaño, a practical musician and composer of eminence, as well as a scholarly researcher, and also in those of Guridi, the composer of "Amaya" and of other Basque operas, besides effective choral settings of folk-songs. In Catalonia, again, there is a group of musicians among whom Nicolau is particularly noticeable for his knowledge of choral technique. Spanish music is difficult to get from Spain, and rather too expensive in London; but modern Spanish choral music, with English as well as Spanish words, is now being published in New York, and is being sung by the *Schola Cantorum* there under the direction of Mr. Kurt Schindler, an ardent admirer of Spanish things and a scholarly worker in the field of Spanish music.

Yet the greatest service done by the study of regional music in Spain is that it is enabling musicians, and the general public as well, to distinguish the false from the true: to realize when a tune has been contaminated by music-halls, rag-time, and other extraneous influences, and to appreciate purity of style in a native tune whenever it is met with. This was the object of the competition lately organized by Falla at Granada; and this, too, is the object of all those who are interested in architecture, or any other art, like pottery or embroidery. "Purity of style, genuineness," said the Master, "can generally be recognized by observing what has been done with those technical details which were used originally because they served a definite purpose in construction." In the Moorish arch (he explained) the square frame had a real constructive value; in later styles it was merely put there from force of habit, and had nothing to do with the construction at all. On the contrary, the little terra-cotta bulls made to-day on the south-east coast of Spain had their legs put on in exactly the same way as the camels found on the site of Troy. Here there could be no force of habit; it was the persistence of a technical detail with an essential constructive purpose. In old embroideries (he went on) the design was made not by drawing but by counting the threads. It was useless to try to reproduce old work by drawing the design: the only way was to count the number and direction of the stitches. Pots and embroideries were the things which men who built cathedrals had at the back of their minds; they were the A B C of architecture as folk-songs and dances were the A B C of music. . . .

"But" (someone may object) "this has nothing much to do with music; and besides, we have heard it all before!"

It is sometimes useful to be reminded of things one has heard before, if one is going to listen to music; and I found the Master's remarks to be very much to the point when, soon afterwards, I heard men playing the bagpipes at wayside stations in the Asturias, and again when, on St. Peter's Day in the cathedral, they sang a quantity of new Church music together with a sixteenth-century motet.

J. B. T.

The Drama.

A PLEA FOR CINDERELLA.

THE "Times" of Friday, the 21st, contained a letter from the well-known theatrical producer Mr. Anthony L. Ellis, upon which it seems desirable to focus the attention of friends of the theatre. Mr. Ellis, it appears, has submitted to the Lord Chamberlain for licence a play entitled "The Queen's Minister," the period of which is 1839-1843, and the chief characters Melbourne, Stockmar, Delane, Mr. Creevey, and, in the centre of the picture, the Prince Consort and the young Queen Victoria. To this drama a licence has been refused; and, as Mr. Ellis informs the public, the semi-official explanation given to him by word of mouth was: "Our principle is that we do not wish to cause any possible offence or pain to living people."

Well, it is certainly an estimable principle. Applied impartially to the public life of a democracy it would, however, have far-reaching effects: "No possible offence or pain to living people." Then the criticisms in the daily and weekly Press on political leaders and parties ought to disappear; and the amenities of rival religious bodies should no longer issue in print to wound and harass pious souls. Then the struggling author, and the budding poet, and the nervous young actor on his trial ought all to have this novel benefit of clergy. We do not deny that there may be something in it; perhaps criticism is too sharp-edged in countries where the right of free discussion is established; perhaps there are crimes against good feeling, invasions of privacy, which ought to be repressed by more stringent means than the roundabout way which the law of libel provides. Still, "no possible offence or pain" is a large order. There is such a thing, after all, as a balance of evils, and it is generally held in this country that the evils of free opinion are the lesser weight.

But Mr. Ellis goes on to say that the play about Queen Victoria which he wished to produce was in no sense a satire or a criticism upon the great sovereign. If, in fact, it were less innocuous than he thinks, the public would soon let him know. But he claims that it is simply an attempt to show the young Victoria in "her habit as she lived" to the eyes of a public, few members of which can remember what she was in the first phase of her reign. Nor at this date can he be charged with such an offence against taste as the stage-presentation of her figure not long after her death might reasonably be considered. In vain. It seems that bring her on the stage at all is what Mr. Ellis may not do. "Curiouser and curiouser!" as Alice was constrained to cry out in illogical Wonderland. For it is not forbidden to write a Life of Queen Victoria. Mr. Lytton Strachey may depict her in a biography which is more affectionate than reverent, and Mr. Buckle may print in his Life of Beaconsfield a great quantity of her letters which portray her in a light not too agreeable to her admirers, and Mr. Housman may publish (if he may not produce) a play about her in which she is made to appear a trifle ridiculous. Every dauber in oils, every hack engraver, may make his effigy of Queen Victoria, and her head stamping silver coins is still rung by callous hands on counters. The Metropolis is full of statues of Victoria which a refined foreign observer might take for manifestoes of republican hatred, and the writer of these lines has sat in a Regent Street cinema-house before the War, and watched a long historical film in which three actresses, of varying ages, presented her person at different times of her life. Yet in 1922 she may not be presented on the stage. The Cinderella of the arts is snubbed again.

Some readers will be tempted, perhaps, to shrug their shoulders and say that what has happened is simply one of the anomalies to which the persistence of such a relic of prerogative days as the Lord Chamberlain's licensing power is bound to lead. England is notoriously patient of far more serious nuisances, as was shown by the prolonged scandal of the unreformed Court of Chancery. As a matter of fact the mischief lies deeper. It is not a

CHECKED BUT NOT STOPPED

Dr. Nansen, at a meeting of the League of Nations Council, stated that the famine in Russia had been "Checked" by the prospects of a fairly good harvest, but it would be

A TRAGIC MISTAKE

To imagine that the crisis had passed. More than 2,000,000 have died from starvation. Disease coupled with starvation has destroyed many millions more. Twenty millions are so reduced by privation that their producing capacity is greatly lowered.

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"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

This is as true to-day as when it was written; and the converse is also true that Vice brings a Nation to destruction.

matter of urgent importance (except to the author and the intending producer) that a particular play, or, indeed, any play, about Queen Victoria should be given in our theatres. What is grave is the attitude towards the art of the theatre which submission to this particular nuisance illustrates. It is apparently held that the theatre is either so vile that it needs a special guard to be set over it, or so trivial and contemptible that the liberating process which has almost wholly freed literature and the other arts from the régime of State surveillance and repression, may well stop short at the drama, which is simply not worth the effort involved in releasing it. And the theatre, of course, like every institution or class which is decried and laughed down, will tend to accept the character given to it. The wisest philosopher does not bring forth his treasures in a company that insists on treating him as a buffoon. We may discount many (if not unhappily all) of the allegations of directly promoting bad morality brought against certain classes of theatrical entertainment. What is not to be denied is the subtler evil, the mental debauchery, which is continuously wrought by a theatre that has been persuaded by its "damned good-natured friends" of its inability to do more than provide "entertainment" for fatigued hand- and brain-workers.

"Does it content you [says the Man of the Theatre to the Minister of Education in Mr. Granville-Barker's dialogue in "The Exemplary Theatre"]... this is the question I'm framing in every form I can... to see the whole power of the theatre absorbed unashamedly in the greatest entertainment of the greatest number upon the best cash terms, to see it making nothing but a mob appeal? For is a mob only a danger when it gathers in ill-dressed crowds? What of the well-dressed mob that makes up a dinner party of ten; the ten thousand mobs of a hundred or so, each calling itself the best set in its own dowdy, respectable suburb; the provincial mobs... the clerical mob, the educational mob, the artistic mob, the medical mob, the sporting mob? The theatre's business to-day is to teach flattering nonsense to these people."

Is the Lord Chamberlain bothering much about that—the real danger? Must Cinderella be left on the backstairs for ever?

D. L. M.

Science.

NEW AND OLD IDEAS

PROFESSOR LOUIS ROUGIER is, to the student of science, one of the most valuable writers existing at the present day. There was a time, not so very long ago, when the man of science was a little impatient of logical analysis. His outlook was wholly pragmatic. His primary conceptions were tools; he had a highly competent work-a-day knowledge of them; he used them as his scientific instinct suggested, and he continued triumphantly to advance the cause of science. It must be unreservedly admitted that no amount of conscious and deliberate analysis can replace the practitioner's familiarity. There is good reason to suppose that physics has, for years, been in a terrible logical muddle, but it is the physicists, and not the logicians, who have developed physics. The matter may be illustrated by reflecting on the present state of literary criticism. It presents an appalling spectacle to a logical mind. Primary terms are vague to the point of being meaningless, and apparently no terms succeed in preserving the same meaning throughout the course of one article. Yet, to those with the proper instinctive equipment, the critic may be saying something both true and important. And instances are not lacking to show that attempts to be logical and precise are universally resented by critics and readers alike. They feel, and probably with justification, that, in these matters, one cannot be precise without being barren.

But literature has not yet produced its Einstein. In the person of Einstein we have the great logician who is

also a great creator—who is a great creator, indeed, because he is a great logician. The old "flair" will not help us. We are driven to a rigorous analysis of fundamentals; the whole new creation presupposes it, and is utterly unintelligible without it. Hence the peculiar difficulty of the new investigations. The modern mathematical physicist is not at all afraid of a prodigious technique; his difficulty is in seeing clearly what all the mathematics is about. And in his attempt to find out he discovers that he is committed to a long investigation. The new ideas are not simply isolated particulars which only have to be learned to be understood; they demand, for their proper understanding, to be received into a new mental context. We may illustrate this by saying that it sometimes seems as if Einstein must have had a different scientific education from that of everybody else. He does not seem to approach a problem with the same prepossessions, nor to look in the same directions for a solution. This unexpectedness was sufficiently marked to astonish even Henri Poincaré, a by no means unimaginative person. The whole trend of the new investigations, not only Einstein's, is away from our habitual ways of thinking. We have to build up a new mental context, a new system of ideas and their associations.

This brings us back to Professor Rougier. We may summarize his services by saying that he is helping to supply the new context. He shows us that the new ideas are not mere isolated miracles; they belong to a system of thought and they have a history—and they have, of course, implications. But we do not understand even a system of thought unless we see it in relation to other systems. A proper exposition of the new ideas, therefore, threatens to be a laborious task. Well, we suppose that Professor Rougier's great book "*Les Paralogismes du Rationalisme*" was a laborious one to write. That does not matter to us, however, for it is fascinating to read. We have here an analysis of the different logical concepts employed by mathematicians and philosophers from Aristotle to the present day. The new ideas are provided with a pedigree, and we see how the family is related to other families. We also see, somewhat unexpectedly, how great a part mathematics has always played in philosophy. Mathematical logic may be a new thing, but the nature of mathematical reasoning has been, not only an important object of attention, but sometimes the chief inspiration of philosophers from Plato onwards. We see how very important an achievement, not only in itself, but for its implications, the creation of the non-Euclidean geometries was. When the mind of man burst asunder its Euclidean bonds it not only gained freedom for the modern outlook in science, but it was rendered altogether independent of ways of thinking which had been assumed as inviolable by philosophers and mathematicians for two thousand years. But the *débris* of those scattered systems persist to the present day. Not only in some modern philosophy, but in some modern science, we recognize off-shoots of a way or ways of thinking that have been finally discredited. The new view, in fact, has not yet wholly freed itself from its old historical associations; it has not yet arrived at full self-consciousness.

As an interesting example of conflict between two different ways of thinking we may take the subject of the relations of matter and energy, treated by Professor Rougier in a little book which has just been translated.* The difficulty of assimilating the new ideas on this subject is not due to the inherent difficulty of the problem, but to the prepossessions with which we approach it. The difficulty springs from the complete dichotomy made by the older physics between these two entities. Professor Rougier, in his careful way, sets out this dichotomy as follows:—

1. Energy is never localized outside of matter.
2. The presence of energy in a body does not increase the energy of the latter.
3. The presence of kinetic energy in particular, that is, the state of motion of a body, does not increase its mass.
4. Absorption or emission of energy by radiation neither increases nor diminishes the mass of a body.

* "*Philosophy and the New Physics.*" By Louis Rougier. (Routledge. 6s.)

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5. The mass of bodies being indestructible, the principle of the conservation of mass is distinct from the principle of the conservation of energy.

We may add that energy, unlike matter, was supposed to be structureless.

Now, on the basis of this dichotomy, the action of energy on matter presents a bewildering problem. That one material body may act on another by impact is quite understandable, but how is it that radiant energy, as sunlight, exerts pressure on material bodies? The first of the above postulates was, as a matter of fact, denied by Faraday, who built up the conception that energy may exist in spaces not occupied by matter. But the others were accepted until quite recent times. We now know that, in the absence of bodies moving with speeds comparable with that of light, and in the absence of knowledge of radio-active phenomena, the above postulates rested on partial evidence. That is to say, the notion of energy developed by the older physics, and according to which energy is an "imponderable," was really a creation by definition. Energy was defined as being wholly characterized by what was known of it. The actual relations between real energy and real matter then presented a bewildering problem. How could an imponderable act on a ponderable? But this was to substitute, for entities existing in nature, entities created by the mind. The whole problem, therefore, was what Professor Rougier calls a "pseudo-problem," and in that respect resembles many of the most celebrated problems of philosophy. The example is illuminating, because it is typical of many of the confusions experienced by the student of the new physics. Within its own set of assumptions it is clear and consistent enough; the difficulty is in tying one's mind down to those assumptions and not surreptitiously slipping in others more familiar to us and therefore more congenial—relics persisting from our old and mistaken past.

S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

Sat. 29. Hyde Park, 3.30.—"No More War" Demonstration.

The speakers will include, as well as British, representatives of Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Norway, and Poland.

Sun. 30. Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C.1), 5.—"India and the International Labor Organization of the League," Capt. E. Beddington Behrens.

[A Conference on "Spiritual Values in Education and Social Life" will be held at Oxford from the 15th to the 29th of August. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher will preside, and the speakers will include Mr. C. Delisle Burns, Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, Principal Jackson, Prof. Gilbert Murray, and Dr. Rudolf Steiner. Inquiries should be addressed to Mrs. M. Mackenzie, 56, Bassett Road, W.10, or to Mr. Arnold Freeman, Warden, Sheffield Educational Settlement.]

[The Labor Research Department will hold a Summer School from August 19th to September 9th at the Cober Hill Guest-House, Cloughton, near Scarborough. Among the speakers will be Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. H. N. Brailsford, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Mr. S. G. Hobson, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Labor Research Department Summer School, 162, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.]

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

*Luce (Dr. A. A.). Bergson's Doctrine of Intuition: Donnellan Lectures, 1921. S.P.C.K., 4/6.

Tinker (Chauncey B.). Nature's Simple Plan: a Phase of Radical Thought in the Mid-Eighteenth Century. II. Milford, 6/6.

Vaswani (Prof. T. L.). Creative Revolution. Madras, Ganesh, 1rup, 8an.

Woods (Charlotte E.). The Self and Its Problems: Blavatsky Lecture for 1919. Theosophical Publishing House, 3/6.

RELIGION.

Fisher (H. A. L.). Orthodoxy: Essex Hall Lecture, 1922. Lindsey Press, 3, Essex St., W.C.2, 1/-.

Gobhart (Emile). Mystics and Heretics in Italy at the End of the Middle Ages. Tr. by E. M. Hulme. Allen & Unwin, 12/6.

Kleist (Rev. Baron Von). The Wonderful Crucifix of Limpias. Tr. by E. F. Reeve. Burns & Oates, 2/6.

Margolis (Max L.). The Hebrew Scriptures in the Making. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society.

Rawlinson (Rev. A. E. J.). Catholicism with Freedom, an Appeal for a New Policy: an Open Letter to all Members of the Church of England. Longmans, 6d.

Shaw (Loretta L.). Japan in Transition. II. C.M.S., 2/6.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

Harrison (C. W. Francis), ed. The Trade, Industries, and Productions of British South Africa. II. Woodchester, Glos., Arthurs Press (Federation of British Industries, 39, St. James's Street, S.W.1), 10/6.

Levermore (Charles H.). League of Nations Second Year-Book: including the Washington Conference, with Complete Texts of Treaties and Agreements. Brooklyn, N.Y., "The Daily Eagle," \$1.50.

*Rivers (W. H. R.). Essays on the Depopulation of Melanesia. Pref. by Sir Everard Im Thurn. Cambridge Univ. Press, 6/-.

Sargent (A. J.). Coal in International Trade. King, 2/6.

Tokutomi (Hon. Ichihiro). Japanese-American Relations. Tr. by Sukeshige Yanagihara. Macmillan, 7/-.

*Trade Revival and the Reparations Muddle. Fight the Famine Council, 7, Mecklenburgh Sq., W.C.1, 4d.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

Ditmars (Raymond L.). Reptiles of the World: Tortoises and Turtles, Crocodilians, Lizards and Snakes of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. 200 il. Macmillan, 18/-.

Verschoyle (W. D.). The Evolution of Atoms and Isotopes. J. Kellner & Co., Craven House, Kingsway, 1/9.

*Williamson (Henry). The Lone Swallows. Collins, 7/6.

MEDICAL.

*Hilton-Simpson (M. W.). Arab Medicine and Surgery: a Study of the Healing Art in Algeria. II. Milford, 10/6.

Singer (Charles). The Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood. Bell, 1/6.

USEFUL ARTS.

Hart (Mrs. Ernest). Dishes for Diabetics. Bale, 2/6.

*Simon (E.D.) and Fitzgerald (Marion). The Smokeless City. Longmans, 1/6.

GAMES AND SPORTS.

*Hamilton (Helen). Mountain Madness. II. Collins, 8/6.

Znosko-Borovsky (Eugene). The Middle Game in Chess. II. Bell, 10/6.

LITERATURE.

Aldred (Thomas). A List of English and American Sequel Stories. Library Assistants' Association, 6/-.

Bagley (Louie). Painters of Pictures in Sound: a Lecture. Simpkin & Marshall, 6d.

Bleekley (John Dean). Soliloquy in Ancient Comedy: a Dissertation. Princeton, N.J., the Author.

*Cairns (William B.). British Criticisms of American Writings, 1815-1833 (Univ. of Wisconsin Studies). Madison, Wis., the University, \$2.

Chase (Wayland J.), tr. The Distichs of Cato: a Famous Medieval Textbook (Univ. of Wisconsin Studies). Madison, Wis., the University, 50 cents.

*Dechamps (Jules). Sainte-Beuve et le Sillage de Napoléon. Liège, H. Vaillant-Carmanne, 4, Place St-Michel (Paris, Champion), 7fr. 50.

*Du Bos (Charles). Approximations. Paris, Plon, 7fr. 50.

*John Rylands Library. Bulletin. Vol. VII. No. 1. Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 2/-.

*Lynd (Robert). Books and Authors. Cobden-Sanderson, 7/6.

Morton (W. Cuthbert). The Language of Anatomy (S.P.E. Tract 9). Ed. by Robert Bridges. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 2/6.

Royal Society of Literature. New Series, Vol. II. Essays by Divers Hands. Ed. by Dean Inge. Milford, 7/-.

FICTION.

*Aumonier (Stacy). Heartbeat. Hutchinson, 7/6.

Beaumont (Isabel). Secret Drama. Melrose, 7/6.

Garrett (William). The Sport of Destiny: an Island Adventure and a Fantasy. Jarrolds, 7/6.

Glasgow (Ellen). One Man in his Time. Murray, 7/6.

Gould (Nat.). The Demon Wins. Long, 2/-.

Griffiths (Gertrude). The Secret of the Shadow. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.

Harry (Myriam). Mujeres. Versión española de E. A. Leyra. Valencia, Prometeo, 4ptas.

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